

How Sean's Mother Set Him Straight

T U C S O N ♦ A R I Z O N A

CITYMAGAZINE

March 1989 \$1.95



EXCLUSIVE:
Survivors of the

PRIME TIME

*Rapist End
Three Years
of Silence*



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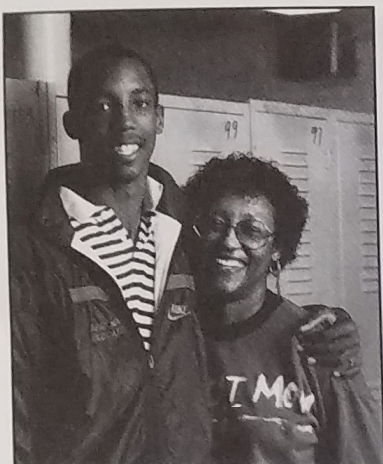



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Photo by Tom Bingham / EyeFull.

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William **Bell**

A R T



Etherton/Stern

G A L L E R Y

N O W

HOWDY



Howdy,

One thing I like about this rag is that readers don't hesitate to kick it around like a tin can. Lately, we've been getting mail complaining about all the ads marching up and down the pages. A fair point. Being a lizard, I can dish up a cold-blooded explanation: We sell words, pictures, ideas, tasty doses of madness, and the ads pay the freight. Unlike Tucson's major industries — city government, county government, the UA — *City Magazine* is a real live jive business just like Karl Marx warned us all about. The ads give us the bucks to buy the paper and ink to put out this affront to Western Civilization.

Why do our beloved advertisers want to nestle in the lunatic copy? Well, Gentle Reader (ah, I love using those snippets of polite discourse), because they sense you are a bunch of gutsy folks who read, think, argue, get out and about and generally do things before they're done to you. So we've created a self-perpetuating kind of thing — a rag, put out by an iguana, that reads like notes from a detox unit and is stuffed with ads clamoring for your attention because the local merchants realize you read the rag put out by an iguana.... The letter writers seem to imply that I am waltzing around in diamond pinkie rings, but let me assure you that putting this thing in your mailbox costs a lot more than \$15.95 a year. The Mag Biz is expensive.

And speaking of lucre, we're pumping a taste back into Tucson — about a million bucks' worth annually, the way economists figure dollars get respent. Because Tucson didn't have the kind of presses to compete with the Big Boys in other states, we finally had to follow the slicks out of town for cheaper printing while I waited to win the lottery. That bothered even my cold ticker, considering our name and all. Well, dern, if they didn't come up with Tucson First, and our old printer — Pride in Graphics — said let's each make some concessions and keep the money in town. So *City Mag* is back on its original paper, rolling off presses on the South Side again. If we all really believe in bootstrapping this joint, ask the other rags where *they* send your money.

Volgy's right this time, on Tucson First. But just so the boys don't confuse my local pride with going soft, ask them why they've changed their tune on that ridiculous downtown mile of Aviation highway. Could it be that it finally got through their nonlizard brains that the \$180 million will buy them asphalt all over this valley, instead of one measly freeway? And a lot less of that annoying public snooping into their Big Plans?

Iggy

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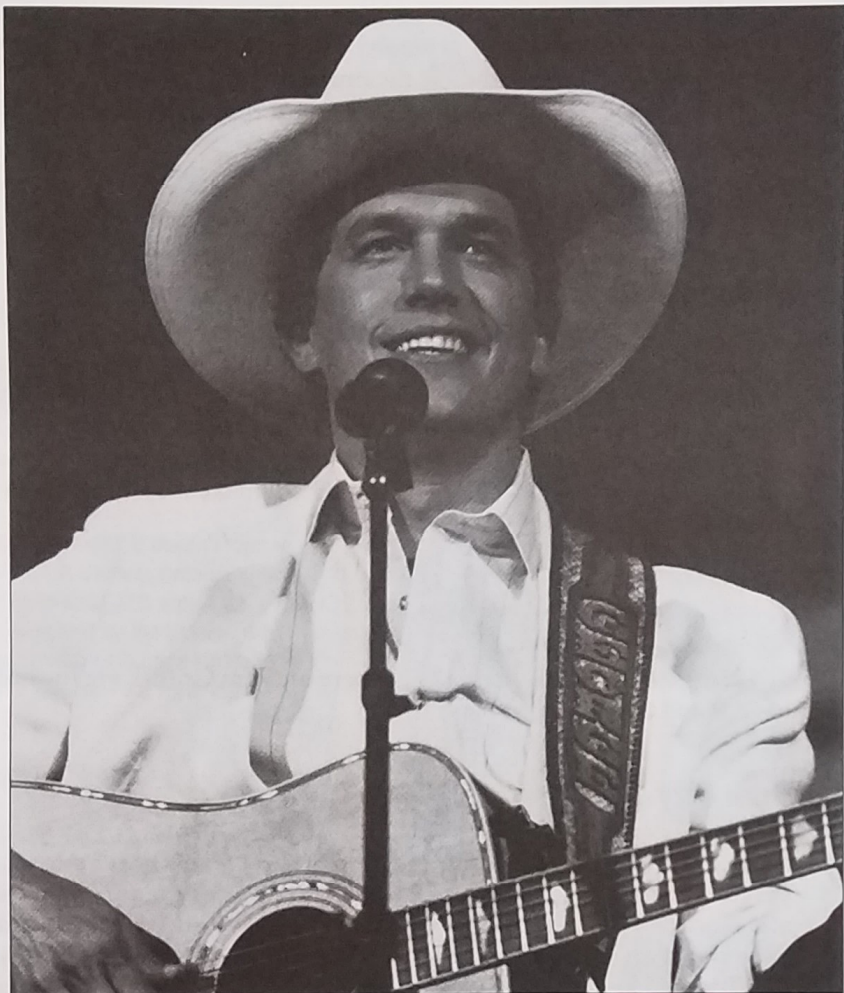
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Country Artist George Strait

Strait Up!

That's how we serve up entertainment at the Tucson Convention Center, whether it's mud racing, Puccini or a three-ring circus. This month the menu includes country heart-throb George Strait, the stars of the Russian Ballet, the clowns and claws of the Shrine Circus, the wacko world of pro wrestling, the home show, the toy show, the travel show and Tucson's traditional Easter pageant, Simon Peter. Plus, of course, the theater and the symphony. And if that fare isn't strong enough for you, don't miss the City of Tucson Purchasing Department's trade show on March 23. Wow.

Tucson Convention Center

The Center of Attention

March Highlights

Thru March 11 ATC presents "Arms & The Man"	12 Stars of The Russian Ballet	22-26 Simon Peter Pageant
2 Guy Concert	16 & 17 Tucson Symphony Orchestra with Cecile Licad, Piano	23 City of Tucson Purchasing Department Trade Show
3 & 4 Tucson Symphony Orchestra with Maureen McGovern	16-19 Shrine Circus	25 Greenlee Club of Tucson
4 ASTA Travel Show	19 Second Annual Toy Show	25-April 15 Arizona Theatre Company presents "Steel Magnolias"
4 George Strait Concert	19 Sunday Forum Travel Series presents "Cairo to Istanbul" with Gene Wiancko	29-April 4 Spring Home Show
9 & 11 Arizona Opera Co. presents Puccini's "Il Tabarro & Gianni Schicchi"	22 World Wrestling Federation live!	31 & April 1 Tucson Symphony Orchestra Presents "The Classics Go To The Movies"
10 & 11 Coors Mud Racing		

LETTERS

Silence

Dear Mr. Bowden:

After reading your article on Mt. Graham, I am pleased that you, like Mo Udall, chose to sit out the process.

The final paragraph of your article, although poetic, is based on the wrong animal. While most red squirrels are famous for their loud scolding of intruders as you describe, one of the few distinguishing characteristics of the Mt. Graham red squirrel is its silence.

Laurel L. Wilkening
Provost, University of Washington
Seattle

Speaking for the Squirrels

I enjoyed Charles Bowden's "How the UA Knocked Off Mt. Graham" [January]. It is on the order of a chapter from Mark Reisner's magnificent *Cadillac Desert*.

... A final note on the squirrel which appears, at the moment, to be running out of spruce-cone food. It is unusually quiet for a red squirrel, contrary to Bowden's article. It will accept its fate "quietly." But some of us are like the Lorax who spoke for the trees, and we will not let this squirrel or this mountain die except at intolerably high cost to the perpetrators.

Ron Schmoller, Ph.D.
Geobioclimatologist
Safford

Liberal Goon Squads

Dear Godzilla:

Your column in the January issue on the passage of Prop 106 is a textbook example of what has caused the Democratic Party to lose popularity. Every time the people vote against the desires of the intellectual liberals, the intellectual liberals declare them either stupid or bad. You seem to have done both. I supposed that that should be expected from a reptile.

I do not think that the people who voted for Prop 106 are stupid or bad. I think they saw the bill as defining one language for government, while protecting the private sector from government encroachment. Why one language? To unify the people at the governmental level; to enhance communication and discussion among all Arizonans. Why English? Because the Constitution of the United States of America is written in English. In order for the Constitution to

remain a document for the people, the people have to be able to read it for themselves — every person. Having Big Brother provide a translation is not good enough.

I think that my non-English-speaking sisters and brothers are perfectly capable of learning English if they so desire. I have the impression that you would disagree.

Instead of closing with profanity, let me leave you with a warm-blooded human message. Vaya con dios, mi amigo.

Please do not print my name as I fear reprisals from liberal goon squads. Thank you.

[Name Withheld by Request]

Making It Easy On His Schedule

Being a full-time grad student at NAU is time consuming so when I receive your magazine I skip the ads and only read the good stuff. You are really making it easy on me by having more and more of your magazine dedicated to ads. The *City Magazine* I originally subscribed to is rapidly giving way to the same type of commercialization as the city it represents. I'll make it easier on both of us. Your ad salespeople win. I quit.

Bill Brautigam
Flagstaff

P.S. Chuck Bowden, Laura Greenberg and Jim Griffith are the only reasons I have lasted this long.

Rich City

... It seems as if each issue, the ratio of copy to ads gets more and more disparate. Frankly, the whole appeal and approach of the magazine seems more and more one tailored for residents of Barrio Volvo and the north and eastside... Why not change the name to "Rich City Magazine" and be up front about it? The Tucson I know and love/hate doesn't sit down to crab enchiladas and label chablis after a day of tennis and shopping.

Russell C. Keimer

We love to hear from you, whether to compliment or complain. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity. Sign your letters and include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to City Magazine, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.



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WHERE TO



Around the World

Mar. 3, 4

Ever eaten Scottish food? It doesn't matter. Head over to the UA Student Union and give your palate a taste-treat with authentic Scottish fare, followed by the Seven Pipers Society's traditional piping, dancing and music. Great idea for a first date (or last). Info, 299-0701.

Wak Pow Wow

Mar. 4, 5

Tohono O'dham's 7th annual celebration. Join a dozen other tribes for dancing, eating and sports. Stick around for the 2-step dance contest at midnight. San Xavier del Bac Mission. Southwest of Tucson (approx. 10 miles) off I-19. Benefit for the San Xavier feast committee. Starts at noon and continues 'til it winds down on Sunday eve. A marathon party. Get going. Info, 622-6911.

Gourmet Chocolate Hounds

Mar. 5

All cocoa-bean freaks swear off the stuff at least once a year (right after they've polished off an entire Sara Lee cake). Now's not the time for resolutions. Spend a day gorging yourself on the finest candies, cakes and other sweet dark concoctions that have been outlawed by Weight Watchers and the AMA. Tucson's gourmet caterers and confectioners, restaurants and bakeries are staging the 6th annual "A Taste of Chocolate." Great if you're depressed, the sugar may wash away your blues — for a while, anyway. Benefits Arizona's Right to Choose. At the Ramada Inn, St. Mary's Road and I-10, from 2-4 p.m. Tickets, \$12.50 in advance — available at Courtyard Cafe, Bentley's and Blue Willow. Fifteen bucks at the door. Info, 326-5506 or 624-7931.

Limber Limbs

Mar. 10, 11

Since its inception in 1958, the Alvin Ailey troupe of young dancers has been heralded by critics. They're classy and sassy, highbrow and low-down, dignified and stylish — and they can dance. *The Guardian* of London says, "For sheer theatrical punch, no contemporary dance company can touch them." Convinced? Go see at UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets, \$22, \$20, \$14 at Dillard's and Centennial Hall. Matinee prices (Sunday, 2 p.m.) \$20, \$18, \$14. Info, 621-3341.



Louise Dahl-Wolfe: *In Sarasota*, 1947. Part of an exhibition of twentieth century American photography at the Center for Creative Photography. See page 10 for details.

Sun 'n' Fun

Mar. 12

Join over 2,000 entrants in the 13th annual Sun Run. In good shape? Run the 15 K championship course at 9:05 a.m. If you lumber along, run with some youngsters in the 3 K student run at 9 a.m. Meet at the N.W. parking lot in El Con and be prompt or they'll leave you in a trail of dust. Prize money to winners; plain ol' exercise for those who just finish. Info on registration and cost: 882-4382 or 744-6256.

Ladies Only...

Mar. 14-19

The annual Circle K LPGA Tucson Open is back. All the hot names on the circuit, including defending champ Laura Davies and more than 144 top pros, will be swinging their irons to cash in on big prize money. First prize is \$45,000; total purse is \$300,000. A big deal on the golf circuit. Ticket info at all Circle Ks or call 624-0180.

Green Beer and a Parade

Mar. 17

More than 125 entries from throughout Southern Arizona will march down 6th ave. & Congress St. in the St. Pat's parade. The Rev. Andrew Greeley is taking time away from writing more sizzling novels, and will be this year's Grand Marshal. The parade ends at the Plaza of the Pioneers at TMA and then the festival commences from 1 p.m.-6 p.m. Revelry by the McTaggart Irish Dancers, music by Sean Chairde and other Irish groups. Plenty of food and of course, DRINK. Info, 577-7000.

More Irish...

Mar. 18

An '80s style St. Paddy's Day dance — no alcohol, no cigarettes, but plenty of people (kids welcome) and green-colored tea. Get your green costume ready and boogie from 8:30 p.m.-midnight and maybe you'll walk away with first prize for creative dressing. A fund-raiser for the Tucson Peace Center calendar/newsletter. Music by Pulse and

Michael Olson's world-beat-afro-caribbean-folk-rock kind of music... whewww! 328 E. 7th St. \$7 at door; \$6 advance at Bentley's and The Blues Co. Info, 623-4256.

Bag Some Books

Mar. 18, 19

A must for all bargain-hunting bibliophiles. The Alliance of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Tucson holds its 23rd annual Book Sale. All varieties from paperbacks to hardcover to magazines to sheet music... words, words, words from the mundane to rare. If you gave up reading, they're also holding a "white elephant sale." Get here quick, the good stuff moves. Sat. Mar. 18 from 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Sun. Mar. 19 from 9 a.m.-1 p.m. 4831 E. 22nd. Info, 748-1551.

Pretty Pictures

Mar. 19-Apr. 12

The annual Southern Arizona Watercolor Guild's juried competition. Hundreds of aqueous paintings deck the walls, using the space of all four galleries in the UA Student Union. They seem to specialize in flowery paintings, but occasionally you'll find a surprise that lights up the show. The works of Barbara Smith and Ellen Fountain — top-notch watercolorists — will be on view. Regular bldg. hours. Info, 621-3546.

Being and Nothingness

Through Mar. 26

Is art really one of a kind? In this show it is. Entitled "The Presence of Absence: New Installations," local artists recreate works from diagrams, stencils, slides and text, adding local information. Featuring Daniel Buren, Judith Barry, Lorie Novak, Krzysztof Wodiczko and others, this artwork's been organized by Independent Curators of New York. On Mar. 8 at 12:15 p.m., UA Assoc. Prof. Wayne Enstice will discuss this display as part of the UA Artbreak series. UA Museum of Art, on campus near Olive and Speedway.

San Xavier Pageant & Fiesta

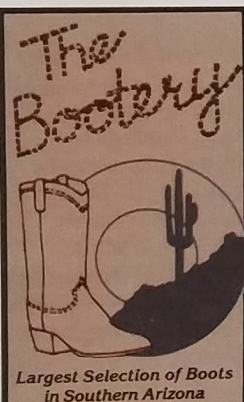
Mar. 31

Pre-pageant festivities at 5 p.m. include native music and dancing. Then watch a horde of Spanish horsemen parade through 100 blazing bonfires in front of the Mission; sacred religious dances performed by local and Sonoran Yaqui Indians. Fireworks, colored lights and the Mission bells. A one-of-a-kind experience. Info, 622-6911.

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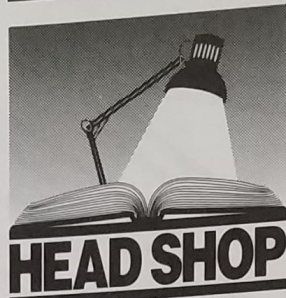
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WHERE TO HOWL



Get Well

Mar. 2, 9, 16

WELCOT's continuing lecture series gives you the lowdown on nutrition. Mar. 2, Get Back on Track and learn to eat "right"; Mar. 9, learn how to eat out and avoid junk food; Mar. 16, realize that your new habits are (weep, weep) forever. All this for FREE from 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's Church Bingo Hall, 215 S. Craycroft. Info, 721-3951.

Heal Thyself

Mar. 2, 9, 16

Get fixed for free at the Desert Institute of the Healing Arts lecture forums. Mar. 2, Karen Penn discusses "Rebirthing" — if your first time around is a blank, give this a whirl; Mar. 9, Lisa Newman presents information on caring for your pet holistically; Mar. 16, Vivian Heart will tell you how to energize and cleanse your chakras and on Mar. 16, 3HO Superhealth will fill you in on the mind/body connection and meditation. Q-A period follows. 7 p.m., 639 N. Sixth Ave. Info, 882-0899.

Germanic Expression

Mar. 2, 30

With the overload of gooeey teen flicks and the splattered walls of bad horror movies, no wonder you're plastered in front of your VCR watching Doris Day re-runs. Step out of America, and consider the creations of the Fatherland. Mar. 2, "Zur Sache Schatzchen" (1967) tells of a beatnik who doesn't want to marry his fiancee, and finds someone else for several hours. All's well that ends well. Mar. 30, "Rheingold" (1977) is a monologue that takes place on a train filled with the pathos of love and death. German with English subtitles. Sponsored in part by Robert Hall Travel. UA Modern Language Auditorium, 7:30 p.m. Free. Info, 621-7388.

Sixties Redux

Mar. 7

He has the cherubic face of John Boy and is almost as tall as Kareem... but UA Sociology Assoc. Prof. Douglas J.

McAdam is just a good ol' boy soaking up lots of ink these days since his book about the civil-rights movement during the '60s has been published. He lectures on "Keeping The Faith or Pursuing the Good Life: The '60s Activists Today." Find out who's left. This is one prof. who actually lectures to adoring freshmen in a Soc. 110 class. Continuing the UA Faculty Lecture Series, Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, 7:30 p.m., room 2600. Free. Info, 621-1877.

Break Fast

Mar. 7

Forget the 3-martini power lunch. There isn't time anymore. Join Edward Zajac and hear him discuss the future of computers and communication while you chow down a breakfast buffet at the Arizona Inn. Fifteen bucks buys you interesting companions and new strategies in the competitive corporate world. Sponsored by the BPA College Alumni Council. 2200 E. Elm St., 7 a.m. Info, 621-2930.

Mind Bash

Mar. 7, 9

Hang out on the edge. The Magritte Sessions are about "writing and ideas at the innovative edge of contemporary practice." Mar. 7, Author Steve McCaffery reads at 7 p.m. at the Tucson Museum of Art. Mar. 9, he speaks with Karen MacCormack at Cafe Magritte. Time to be determined. Sponsored by Chax Press and supported by TMA, Cafe Magritte, TPAC and the Arizona Commission on the Arts. Info on times, prices, 622-7109.

Heart Start

Mar. 8

Take this class in CPR and hope you'll never need it. From 6-9 p.m. in the Rincon Room of the Maxicare Bldg. at 6565 E. Carondelet Dr. \$2 members; \$7 general. Advance registration. Info, 721-5531.

Film Stories

Mar. 19

If you can't fit traveling into your schedule, enjoy worldly views watching the World Geographic Society, Inc. travelogue adventure series. Mar. 19, Gene Wiancko will take you from "Cairo to Istanbul." 2:30 p.m., TCC Music Hall. Info, 326-7577.

Good Ode Times

Mar. 22, 29

Poetry isn't what it used to be:

no smoking, no bongos, no berets. But... maybe it's better. Mar. 22, Adrienne Rich owns the soapbox; Mar. 29, Ishmael Reed reads. Free at 8 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium, followed by informal "receptions." Info, 621-7941.

Director's Lunch

Mar. 28

Meet Libby Appel, director of Arizona Theatre Company's "Steel Magnolias," in this noon luncheon at the Doubletree. For \$12.50 you'll get to hear what happens behind the scenery and how creative brains play out concepts. An educational diversion from the workday. Reservations by mail (include check) to ATC, P.O. Box 1631, Tucson, 85702. Info, 622-2823.



Mobile Gathering

Mar. 1-5

The homes of the horizontally mobile — RVs. Well, there's an entire convention of Airstreams converging at the Pima County Fairgrounds for the annual western RV rally. Learn about life on the road without Kerouac. Info, 624-1013.

Before Chicken Nuggets

Mar. 1, 8

Think the Sunbelt always was condos? Beginning Mar. 1, the Arizona Historical Society is repeating its series on the prehistoric Southwest in seven consecutive Wed. evening lectures (\$5 a lecture; \$30 for the series). Also, Mar. 8, the society is bringing old-time b&w Westerns to the screen. Plenty of leather, spurs, cowboys and gunfights — and the obligatory ladies who wear garters and talk tough, dishing out beer. 949 E. 2nd St. Info, 628-5775.

Back Our Cats

Mar. 2, 4, 9-12

Look, we know that they get press everywhere. We know that Elliott has a smile like Bambi but is really basketball's Tarzan; we know that Rooks is really a person and just resembles a tree. Yes, we know that Matt Othick is the hottest, cutest frosh; we know

Mason can *make* the pass and Lofton steals so well he could go to prison.... So here's the couch-potato schedule, in case you had a bout of amnesia or refuse to support scalpers:

Mar. 2: At Washington State on KMSB-TV, 7:30 p.m.

Mar. 4: At UCLA on NBC in L.A. at 11:35 a.m.

Mar. 9-12: The Pac-10 Conference Tournament. Then the NCAA scramble. Stay tuned. Now, relax in your red jammies and cheer 'til the neighbors call the cops. No one gets busted for this.

Almost Gone Mar. 4

Their goal is to send a message to the folks on this planet — understanding and preserving the diversity of life on Earth. Join bunches of people in the 1st annual Endangered Species Fair. A day-long event featuring educational displays, live (yep) animals, wildlife films, speakers, musicians, and storytellers. From 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m. at Reid Park Zoo. Sponsored by: Sierra Club's Rincon Group, Defenders of Wildlife, Reid Park Zoo, Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum and Arizona Game & Fish. Adm. charge. Info, 792-2690.

Go Native Mar. 4

Get off to a green start with your garden. Native Seeds/SEARCH sells from their new 1989 catalog of more than 200 varieties of regionally-adapted native veggie crops from 10 a.m.-3 p.m. at the Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Your chance to avoid supermarket produce. Info, 327-9123.

Tucson Does Las Vegas Mar. 4

The lottery been passing you by? Put on your poker face and head over to Pinnacle Peak in Trail Dust Town to help out at this mock gambling fund-raiser. Great food, prizes, games and dancing all benefit the Tucson Festival Society — folks who work hard to bring you *fun*. Jingle your spurs, but don't gouge the floor of the Savoy House. Info, 622-6911.

Fancy Digs Mar. 4

The Arizona Opera League is staging a benefit... For helping them out with cash, they're going to give you a tour of some of the unique homes in Tucson. You might not ever be able to afford one, but you

can afford to gawk. Info, 299-2790.

All The Right Moves Mar. 4, 18

Put on your soft shoes and step to the beat of square and contra dances (no cousin to Latin politics) when the Tucson Friends of Traditional Music hold dances twice a month. No experience necessary and beginners are given a training session a half-hour before dancetime begins. Mar. 4 at 7:30 p.m. at YMCA, 5th Ave. and 6th St; Mar. 18 at 7:30 at Armory Park Rec. Center, 220 S. 5th. Adm. TFTM members \$2; general \$3. Info, 1-384-2626.

In Town Sounds

Mar. 5, 12, 19, 26

Unwind after an errand-filled day with the Westward Look Resort jazz weekends. Mar. 5, listen to music of Pulse; Mar. 12, local group Paradox performs mainstream; Mar. 19, Delphine Cortez, Phoenix vocalist sings Latin and jazz/pop material and Mar. 26, L.R.Q. from Tucson plays a variety of jazz/rock. It's free and you can't beat the view of city lights. 5-8 p.m. in the Lookout Lounge. Info, 629-0111.

Curve Balls Mar. 5-28

America's favorite sport is back so bring out the dogs and colas and check out the Cleveland Indians baseball team — back in town for spring training. Their 43rd season here. That must count for something. Info, 881-0140.

Another Rodeo Mar. 8-12

If you missed our rodeo, drive on up to Phoenix (if it's still standing after the *Barron's* blast) and listen to Mayor Terry Goddard (see, he learned something) get rodeo week started — parades, hoe-downs, bar-b-q and more. 4133 N. 7th St. Info, 263-8671.

Who Dunit? Mar. 11

The butler didn't, neither did the maid. But maybe *you* did in Sun Sounds annual murder mystery dinner to benefit Arizona's radio-reading service for the blind and print-handicapped. At the Hotel Park Tucson. Cash bar at 6 p.m., followed by a sirloin dinner for \$25 a person. Don't be surprised if revealing evidence turns up, incriminating you. Info, 881-2111.

Flashy Fiesta Mar. 11, 12

Ocotillo Artisans are holding their springtime arts fair — a gala weekend of browsing and buying with over 50 artists and craftspeople offering the latest in designer fashions, jewelry, accessories, home decor, bric-a-brac and packaged gourmet food. Music by Khenany, food booths, mariachi music... piñatas for kids, wine-tasting for adults. At Sun City Vistoso Rec. Center, 8 miles north of Ina and just west of Oracle Rd. Mar. 11 from 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Mar. 12, noon-5 p.m. Info, 792-3098.

Diggin' and Groovin' Mar. 11, 12

It's Arizona Archaeology Week and the public's invited to watch a "dig" into the ancient history of Phoenix (find out how leisure suits began). Ogle a slew of serious hounds searching for relics of ancient Hohokam Indians who made their living in the Salt River Valley over 800 years ago. Part of week-long activities. Info, 1-542-4009.

Flower Fiends Mar. 12

Reid Park's in bloom with hundreds of flower varieties...red roses, yellow roses, African violets... plus information booths filled with people full of advice on irrigation, pest control, the right dirt and plant food. Ideal for weekend weedeers. 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Free. Info, 628-5628.

Pioneer Days Mar. 18, 19

Watch military and civilian reenactments of the living history of Arizona's territorial pioneers — along with authentic food and continuous entertainment at Ft. Lowell Park. Presented by the Tucson Festival Society. If you're an '80s person, don't worry, food booths containing the usual also will be on hand. Sat., 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. Info, 622-6911.

Mini-Series Mar. 19

The last episode of an architectural mini-series (showing off the best of Tucson) that includes extensive footage of our glitzy resorts. Might be an interesting change from *Dynasty*. On channel 11 at 11 a.m. Videos available. Info, 884-7200.

Talent Needed By Mar. 24

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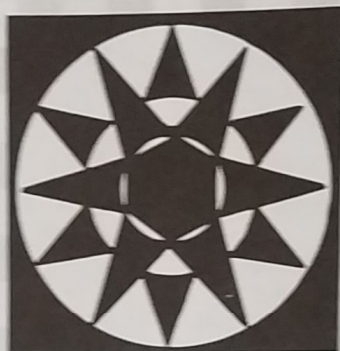
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sculpt, bake? If you think you can, the Pima County Fair needs you, so call 323-0150 for "domestics" and 747-0623 for "crafts."

Spring Fling Mar. 30-Apr. 2

See the latest styles as students and adventurers from all over Tucson wedge themselves in between rides and lines of ethnic food and game booths. There's music, mime, dancing on the lawn, clowns, face-painters and more. The largest student-run carnival in the country. UA campus off Campbell. Adm. charge. Info, 621-2121.

Art for Cause Apr. 1

Help dyslexics and learning-disabled students who attend the Fisher Foundation School. They're sponsoring their first annual arts festival with all proceeds to benefit the school. Many artists' works available in this multi-media event. At St. Philip's Plaza at Campbell and River from 10 a.m.-dusk. Info, 795-0000.

The Southwest Story Through April

A series of programs on the history, culture and natural world of the desert, sponsored by the Tucson Public Library. Info, 791-4391.

Walking Tours Through April

Put on your sturdy shoes and take the tours offered by the Arizona Historical Society. Sat. mornings from 10 a.m.-noon trek through the El Presidio Historic District. From 1-3 p.m. visit the Armory Park Historical Neighborhood. All this history for only three bucks. Info, 622-0956.

UA Arizona State Museum

"Juguete Encantadores: Enchanting Toys of Mexico"

Through May
Mexican folktoys (dating back to the '30s) include the ball-and-stick, tops and moveable wooden cowboys on horseback, miniature pottery, furniture and tinware. Coinciding with the visit, the gift shop has stocked an ample supply of Mexican folk toys, many almost identical to those on display. Info, 621-6302.

Luau in Hawaii June 15-22

Sign up now to put some excitement in your life and join the Tucson Botanical Gardens in guided tours of

Kauai, the garden isle in Hawaii. \$1,195 buys you airfare, deluxe accommodations and education. It also makes you a member of the Tucson Botanical Gardens. Further info and registration contact Warren/Far West Travel, 886-1331.

Rodeo All Year Long

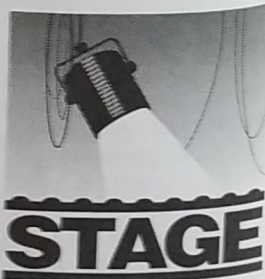
The Tucson Rodeo Parade Museum is open year 'round — over 100 pieces of western paraphernalia, horse-drawn vehicles — even a street scene from the early 1900s. Located at South Sixth Ave. and Irvington. Donations cheerfully accepted. Open Sat. & Sun. from noon-4 p.m. Special tours for groups of 12 or more, 791-4322.

This Bug's For You

These people are dedicated. The Sonoran Arthropod Studies, Inc. has an entire museum of arthropods (insects, spiders, crabs, centipedes, millipedes etc.), including several thousand live ones on exhibit — an active bee colony, an aquatic-insect exhibit and hills of ant colonies to take a gander at. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Adm. \$1. 2437 N. Stone. Info, 884-8020.

Classic Films Through Mar.

Mar. 6, 7, "Three Faces of Eve" (1957) starring Joanne Woodward as a woman with three distinct personalities. Great acting. Mar. 20, 21, "Vertigo" (1957), James Stewart and the very blond Kim Novak star in this Hitchcock thriller and Mar. 27, 28, "Blind Husbands" (1919) starring Erich Von Stroheim. Adm. \$2. Series discounts available. Mon., 5:30 and 8:30 p.m. Tues., 7:30 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Bldg. Info, 621-1877.



STAGE

a.k.a. theatre Mar. 2-25

"Torch Song Trilogy" by Harvey Fierstein, directed by Brad Lyons, is an evening of three short plays, harkening back to when "gay" was really gay. Confirm dates, please! Info, 623-7852.

The Morning After

Mar. 3, 4
Maureen McGovern, best known for her pop hit, "There's Got to Be a Morning After," sings everything from opera to Broadway to rock ballads and jazz with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra in their "Pops Parade Series." Curtain, 8 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Info, 791-4101.

Invisible Theatre Through Mar. 5

IT's comedy time! A week-long festival of humor with a slew of comedy acts, music and song, workshops and three original one-act comedies. Sure to cheer anyone up. Times and ticket prices vary. 1400 N. 1st. Ave. Info, 882-9721.

Concert Attraction Mar. 5, 6

The Southern Arizona Symphony Orchestra, an all-volunteer corps dedicated to making beautiful classical sounds, performs Verdi's "Overture to Nabucco," Prokofiev's "Lieutenant Kije," Creston's "Night in Mexico," Rogers' "Selections from Sound of Music" and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," with guest conductor Laszlo Veres. Mar. 5, 3 p.m. at Sahuarita High School (I-19 to exit 75, then east). Mar. 6, 8 p.m. at First Congregational church, 2nd Ave. and University Blvd. Tickets \$5 general, 12 and under \$2. Info, 325-7709.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra
Mar. 5, 6 and 22
Continuing its In Recital series, an intimate perform-

ance by a wind quintet — Beethoven's "Quintet in E-flat Major, Op. 71"; Koetsier's "Divertimento No. 2"; Janacek's "Mladi, Youth Suite" and Liadov's "Eight Russian Folk Dances." Sun. performance at 3 p.m. in Green Valley's Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol; Mon. at St. Philip's Sanctuary, River and Campbell, at 8 p.m. The bonus Mar. 22 concert shows off the talents of various ensemble groups (part of the New Music Festival) at UA Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. Info, 882-8585.

AZ. Jazz Week

Mar. 5-11
At presstime, the UA wasn't holding any media conferences on who'll be making the music, but count on scads of students, faculty and party crashers to be performing. Times vary, dates vary. Info, 621-3065.

The Arizona Opera

Mar. 9, 11
Presenting "Il Tabarro and Gianni Schicchi" (Johnny Skeezy) by Puccini — in Italian. Two one-acts. A cloak about a vengeful husband who murders his wife's lover, and a comedy about an imposter who wrests a large inheritance from a dead man's estate. With Pablo Elvira, a baritone in dual roles; Marianna Christos as the faithless wife; Jon Fredric West as her clandestine lover; Angelina Reaux as Gianni's daughter; William Livingston as Rinuccio, her lover. At 7:30 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Info, 293-4336.

Fine Art Sounds

Mar. 12
The Unitarian Universalist Church continues its fine art concert series with author — *Plain Text* — Nancy Mairs reading her poetry and prose. This woman can talk — exceptionally. At 7:30 p.m. in the church auditorium. 4831 E. 22nd. Info, 748-1551.

Arizona Friends of Music Mar. 15

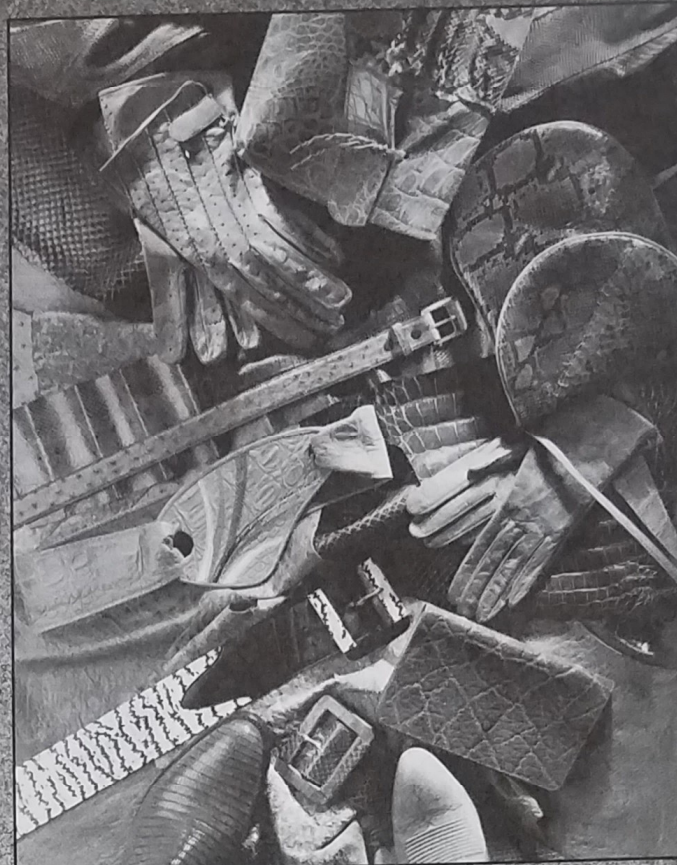
They bring some of the finest chamber concerts to town....The Ridge String Quartet performs Haydn's "Quartet Op. 55, no. 2 'Razor,'" Bartok's "Quartet no. 2" and Beethoven's "Quartet in C major, Op. 59, no. 3" at 8 p.m. in UA Centennial Hall. General adm. \$10, students \$4. Info, 298-5806.

Classy Classics

Mar. 16, 17
Tucson Symphony Orchestra presents Britten's "Variations on a Theme of Purcell"; Ravel's "Piano Concerto in G. Major" and Elgar's "Enigma Variations, Op. 36" with Cecile Licad on piano. TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Info, 791-4101.

Toot Your Own Horn

Mar. 18
Last year the Tucson Recorder Society had 8 members — now they're 50 strong and growing. They're searching for all closet recorder players so if you play soprano, alto, tenor or bass, join other musical souls in ensemble exploration of Renaissance, Baroque, Medieval and sometimes modern pieces. They provide the musical scores, and



West
FINE LEATHER

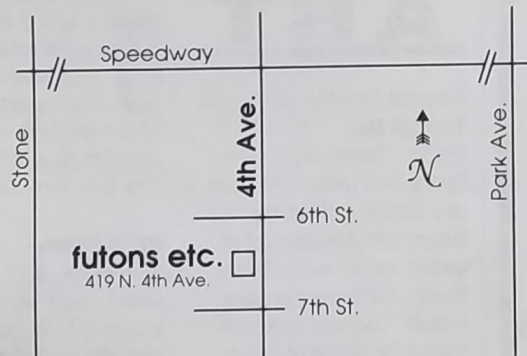
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east of Tucson in Dragoon.
Info on directions,
1-586-3666.

The Horse Artists Association displays equine images in oil, watercolor and graphite pencil. Also, the raku pottery of Joan Pevarnik, marble pedestals by Dennis Patterson and ceramic wall pieces by Linda Haworth.

Mar. 27-May 6

A group show in oil featuring P.W. Gorman, Marian Tofel and the succulent series of Joanne Garry in watercolors. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

Representing Luis Jimenez, Louis Carlos Bernal, Santiago Vaca, Fernando Joffroy, Alfred Quiroz, Cristina Cardenas. Plus "wearable art" — gonzo bola ties, jewelry, T-shirts with social comments and more. Their selection changes often. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

Cabat Studio

The family that makes art together stays together. Emil and Rose Cabat have been doing that for years — he paints, she works in ceramics. 627 N. 4th Ave. Visit their studio, but call first for an appt. Info, 622-6362.

**Center for Creative
Photography**

Through Apr. 4
Explore the new building and check out photographic powerhouses in the "Decade by Decade" show: works by 20th century famed shooters including the rare and classic works of Ansel Adams. Sharing the spotlight is Richard Avedon's (yep, the guy who managed to get a constrictor around the beautiful bod of Nastassia Kinski) show entitled "Jacob Israel." Just south of the new pedestrian underpass on E. Speedway. Metered parking available. Tues.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Info. 621-7968.

Davis Gallery
Mar. 6-Apr. 8

Mixed media paintings and
monoprints by Pamela Marks
See what kind of art is
happening on the Northwest
Side. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5
p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m.
6812 N. Oracle. Info,
297-1427.

Gaslight Theatre
Through Mar. 25

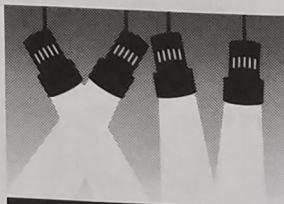
"Sherlock Holmes and the Lost Rose of Egypt," a slapstick version of A.C. Doyle's mighty detective. See what clues he finds and how he solves the case, Gaslight style. The olio (potpourri of song & dance) is always good. 7000 E. Tanque Verde. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.

Fast Feet

Mar. 27
John Williams, the dance master at UA, sets the tone for this faculty recital series entitled "Far Out in Crowder." See *who's* teaching the students what. Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. \$3. Info, 621-3065.

Oldies ... but Goodies
Apr. 11

The Arizona Early Music Society, a group devoted to performing music of the past, presents Judith Nelson, soprano (including music edited by James R. Anthony) in the society's last concert of the season; at 8 p.m. Location info, 323-7915.



**Amerind Foundation
Through Mar.**

Entitled "Navajo Ways: The Textile Arts 1840-1930," this new display outlines the history and development of textiles and weavings by the Navajo. Continuing displays include "Dance in Ceremony," tracing the rituals of dance among the Apache, Hopi, Yaqui and Maya peoples. A variety of paintings and sculpture by 19th and 20th century American artists.

**Dinnerware Cooperative
Through Mar. 26**

Strictly a "Cooperative" show.... Frances Murray's photos on view and Margaret Bailey Doogan's paintings. Reception, Mar. 4, 7-9 p.m. Tues.-Sat., noon-5 p.m.; Sun., 1-4 p.m. 135 E. Congress St. Info, 792-4503.

**Eleanor Jack Galleries
Through Mar.**

A "mixographia" show featuring the works of Pat Noland, Rufino Tamayo, and Helen Frankenther. Reception, Mar. 18, 5-7 p.m. Catch the trend of mini-mall art galleries. El Mercado de Boutiques. 6336 E. Broadway. Info, 790-8333.

**Etherton/Stern Gallery
Mar. 11**

New paintings by Margaret Bailey Doogan (famed for her Punch & Judy series); Judith Golden's new mixed media photographs; and Susan Kay Johnson's sculptures. If you haven't been at their new location, it's worth the trip.

Mar. 15-Apr. 22

Nancy Tokar Miller's Japanese-influenced works on canvas and painting in subtle colors. Some are very large — including free-standing screens. Sharing the spotlight are William Lesch's Cibachrome prints — large photos using long exposures that look like they were painted in neon. His saguaros would put Hallmark to shame. Reception, Mar. 18, 6:30-9:30 p.m. Refreshments. Odd Fellows Hall, 135 S. 6th Ave. Ample parking. Info, 624-7370.

Ground Zero Gallery

Where art tends toward the offbeat. These guys are never ready at presstime, but so what — there's always something to debate. 222 E. Congress. Tues.-Fri., noon-4 p.m. Sat., 7-10 p.m. Also by appt. Info, 624-5106.

**Grygutis & Harris Fine Arts
Through Feb.**

Jim and Betty Jo Grygutis and Joe Harris have a new gallery (far from the "arts district") specializing in fine metal and glass. Includes sculptures, containers and wallpieces. 3648 E. Ft. Lowell. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 881-0711.

John Doe

Another gallery is taking a chance on Congress St. and the owner asks to hear from visual and performance artists who want the world to see what their souls are creating. 210 E. Congress St. Info, 798-3611.

**Mary Peachin's Art Company
Through Mar.**

Coyotes and more coyotes in whimsical colorful prints at 3955 E. Speedway. Info, 881-1311, or visit her gallery in the lobby of the Sheraton El Conquistador.

**Mesquite Grove Gallery
Through Mar.**

Patagonia's Mesquite Grove Gallery opens its 1989 season with "Modern Masks, Modern Shields." Featuring handmade contemporary masks and shields interpreted by numerous gallery artists. Wed.-Sat., 11 a.m.-4 p.m. and Sun., 1-4 p.m. Info,

1-394-2358 or 1-394-2732.

**Murphey Gallery
Through Mar.**

A two-person show. Sue Lovinger's batik art and James Bacon's impressionistic oil paintings. Reception, Mar. 5 from 2-4 p.m. Hours, Tues. and Thurs. from 2-4 p.m. St. Philip's Church at Campbell and River. Info, 299-6421.

**Museum of Northern Arizona
Through May 19**

Take a trip through Northern Arizona and see the display entitled "A Separate Vision: Capstone Exhibit," addressing issues facing contemporary Native American artists. Photos, text and video accompany work by Baje Whitethorne, Navajo printer; John Fredericks, Hopi Kachina carver; Brenda Spencer, Navajo weaver; and more. Funded through a grant from the Flinn Foundation. Open daily, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. charge. Route 4, Flagstaff. Info, 1-774-5211.

**Natural Light
By App't.**

Cara Cupito's long-exposure color photographs — streaks of lightning bolts in one frame, for instance, and other moods of the Southwest. Up to mural size. Info, 623-7825.

**Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd.
Through Mar. 6**

Dan Vigil's paintings rendered in acrylic are moody. The artist states that his viewers can tell if he's in a good mood or a bad mood the day it was created. Intense colors, intense feelings.



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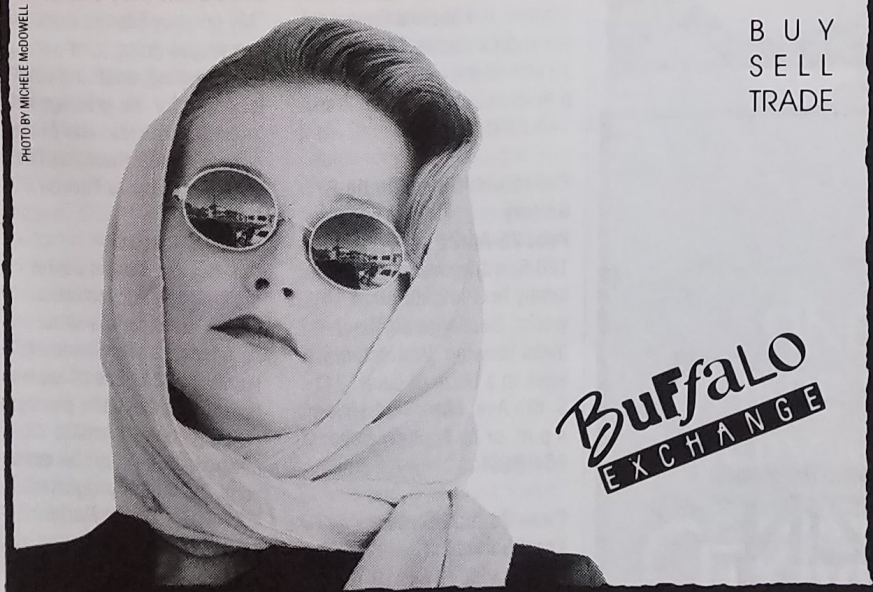
Limited seating by reservation only

A free Exhibition of the art will be open to the public from March 5th through April 2nd at El Con in Tucson.

Call Fine Art for Fine Causes for more information and for Auction and Dinner reservations at (602) 327-6783.

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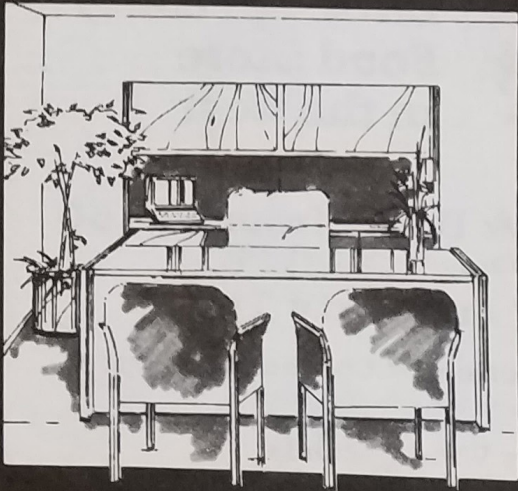


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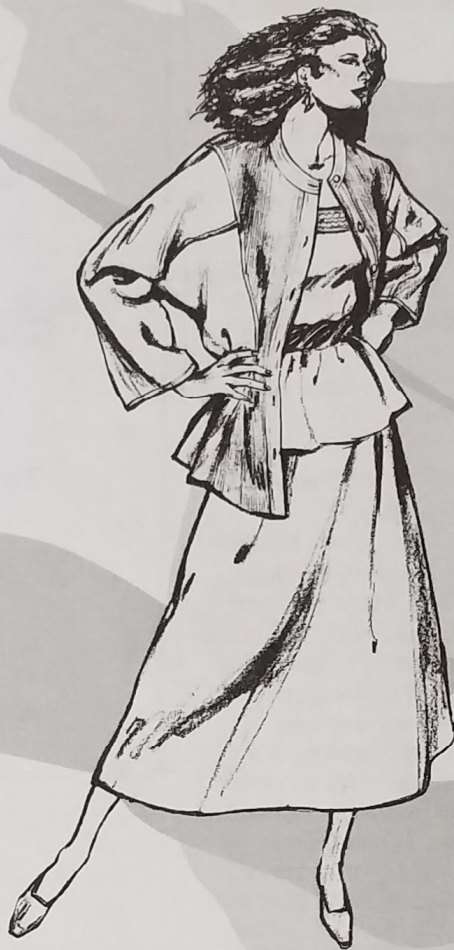
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HOWL

Mar. 11-Apr. 10

Len Agrella says, "The function of an artist is to provide what life does not..." He works in acrylic on canvas, conti and paper. See if he means what he says. Southwestern themes. Reception, Mar. 11, 5-8 p.m. Munchies. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell. Info, 299-6998.

Obsidian Gallery Through Mar. 4

"Far Out West," a multi-media exhibition featuring artists from New Mexico. Kurt Knudsen shows wacky lamps and adobe bird feeders and mirrors. Other features include Mary Sharpe Davis' clay work; Judith Roderick and Meg Johnson, hand-painted silks, plus many others.

Mar. 6-25

You like hard art? The works of five diverse metal craftspeople are featured. Three locals — Ruth Blumenau, Kurt Niece and William Ford — show what their minds and muscles created. Nationally known artist Carolyn Morris Bach of Rhode Island flies her stuff in and Bonnie Marzlak, a California artist, takes refuge from La La land. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

Old Pueblo Museum Feb 11-Apr. 30

Arizona doesn't have a monopoly on Indian life. "Native American Arts of the Plains" features historical photos, gear, clothing, weapons and quotes from 11 Plains tribes. Collections from the Denver Art Museum and the Arizona State Museum. Learn how art can be functional. Foothills Center, Ina and La Cholla. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Philabaum Glass Studio & Gallery

Feb. 25-Apr. 2

120 Southwest artists exhibit totally new and different works. See large off-hand glass blowing. Watch them work in a blaze of color. 711 S. 6th Ave. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. or by appt. Info, 884-7404.

Pima College Gallery Through Mar. 3

Last chance to see "Diverse Directions," featuring soft and hard art. Check out art in fiber and sculptures in metal. PCC

West Anklam Campus. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Tues. eves. 6-8 p.m. Info, 884-6973.

Rosequist Galleries

Paintings, drawings, prints etc. of the Southwest, ranging from the traditional to the innovative. Representing more than 53 artists, the gallery offers some kind of art for all kinds of sensibilities. 1615 E. Ft. Lowell. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 327-5729.

Runes Gallery

They're *another* new kid on the block, a gallery devoted to eclectic artwork. Look for paintings, photos and sculptures and anything that grabs their fancy. Tiny and funky, they're showing locals and nationals. 258 E. Congress. Sat.-Sun., noon-4 p.m., then by appt. 792-4354.

Sanders Galleries

Richard Iams, Jim Norton, Buck McCain and Larry Riley exhibit traditional western oil paintings. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763.

Settler's West

Focusing on traditional Western art — lots of cowboys and Indians in oil plus bronze statues capturing heroes of the Old West. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. Info, 299-2607.

Tohono Chul Park Through Apr. 16

"Riddick and Shufelt: Images of the American Southwest" shows off the paintings and drawings of local artists Ron Riddick and Robert "Shoofly" Shufelt, capturing the spirit of the Southwest through images of working ranch life, landscapes and Indian portraits. Shoofly describes some of the people he draws: "My cowboy friends work for low wages doing joint-aching, heat-sucking, dust-chewing labor. All for the privilege of looking at the rear end of cow...." Check them out. The gallery's salute to Tucson Rodeo.

Through Apr. 10

Colorful and vibrant pastel drawings by Tucson artist Ellen McMahon in a show called "Walls and Shadows," featuring close-ups of leaves, textured walls, native plants, yielding unusual results because of the way she uses light. Donations suggested. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte. 742-6455.

**Tucson Museum of Art
Through Apr. 9**
An exhibition surveying

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western painting and sculpture from the earliest explorers to the modernists.

Through Apr. 9

Entitled "Gerry Peirce Prints: Selections From the Tucson Museum of Art's Permanent Collection." Forty prints and watercolors drawn from the Peirce collection, including aquatints, mezzotints, line drawings and watercolors conveying strong feelings for the deserts of the Southwest.

Through Apr. 9

Brooklyn-born artist Joseph DiGiorgio continues the tradition of John James Audubon, George Catlin and Albert Bierstadt with his heroic vision of the Grand Canyon — his 120-ft. mural uses pointillism to depict light changes in a 24-hour period. Might make you want to take a trip to see the real thing.

Mar. 10-May 14

"Exhibition-Primavera: A Celebration of Women in The Arts." Continuing their annual support and participation, TMA plays host to this well known (and well done) women's art and jazz festival with an exhibition of artwork in the Campbell Gallery. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

Street Art

Through May 31

Stroll downtown through Scott and Congress Streets and you'll find huge "things" made of bronze, woodcarvings, assemblages and earthworks. It's part of Tucson Sculpture '89, an outdoor exhibition to "stimulate" the public's interest in art. Give your eyeballs a roll. Stuff is happening all over town. Sponsored by Tucson Pima Arts Council. Info on exact places, 624-0595.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery Through Mar. 6

Carol Martin Davis displays photographs that look like wild kaleidoscopes. Her excuse? She's from northern California where they see things differently.

Mar. 19-Apr. 12

The annual Southern Arizona Watercolor Guild's juried competition. Hundreds of aqueous paintings deck the walls of the Student Union, using up the space of all four galleries. They seem to specialize in flowery paintings, but occasionally you'll find a surprise that lights up the show. The works of Barbara Smith and Ellen Fountain — top-notch watercolorists —

will be on view. Regular Student Union Bldg. hours. Info, 621-3546.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery Through Mar. 9

Don Reitz, internationally known clay artist and professor, specializes in large sculptural vessels. On view are new works.

830 Gallery

Through Mar.

See the art emerging from young minds in this strictly student-run gallery. They become more frantic as the semester rolls on. Info, 621-1251.

UA Museum of Art Through Mar. 9

Entitled "All Fired Up." A statewide juried show in the versatility of clay — sculptural to thrown, stoneware to raku, enamels to watercolor, the gigantic to the minute, the functional to the whimsical.

UA Rotunda Gallery Through Mar. 5

Nevada artist Leslie P. Barta's photo collages concerned with visual and language metaphors. Enter a weird state of mind. Regular building hours. Info, 621-1414.

UA Union Gallery Feb. 17-Mar. 9

There are so many ceramic artists in Tucson they formed a club: The Southern Arizona Clay Artists. Their fifth-annual show includes works by Maurice Grossman, Marcy Wrenn, Kevin Osborn, Anne Mulford, Andree Richmond, David Aguire, Susan Gamble, Gail Roberts and others.

Venture Fine Arts Mar. 18-25

Presenting a two-man display featuring Kevin MacPherson's impressionistic paintings and Gary Price's bronze sculptures. Reception, Mar. 18 at 7 p.m. Demos in bronzes and southwestern landscapes, still life, western and wildlife paintings will be given by artists on Mar. 19 from noon-5 p.m. Tues.-Sun. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Trail Dust Town at Tanque Verde. Info, 298-2258.

Yuma Art Center Through Mar. 23

Heading toward San Diego? Stop in and "Focus on Yuma." An exhibition dedicated to members of the Yuma Art Center. Director Charles Lovell made all selections...South Alter Gallery, 281 Gila Street, Yuma. Info, 1-783-2314.

MARCH CALENDAR O F E V E N T S

4-5 African Violet Society Show & Sale
On exhibit will be an amazing variety of African violets, some so tiny and others exotic enough to peak your interest in raising these flowers. Plants and "starter kits" will be on sale.

9-12 Old Pueblo Artisans Arts & Crafts Show & Sale
Local artists and craftspeople from the Tucson area exhibit their talents and skills in the organization's annual spring show.

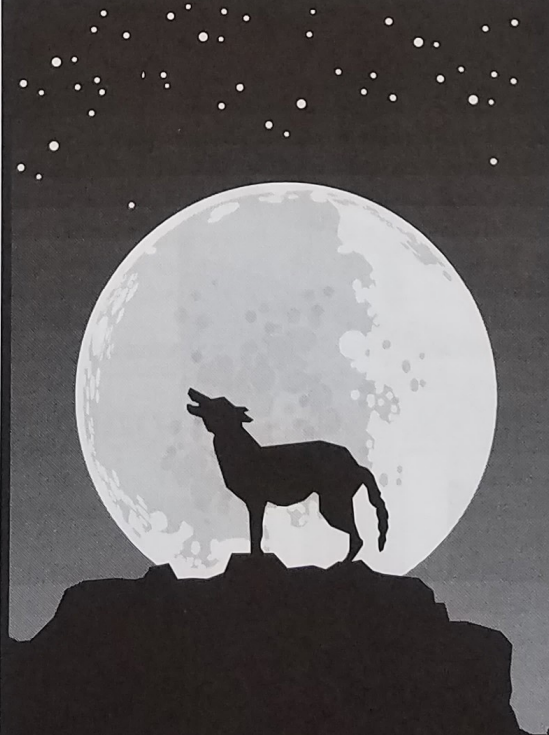
10-25 Easter Bunny Photos
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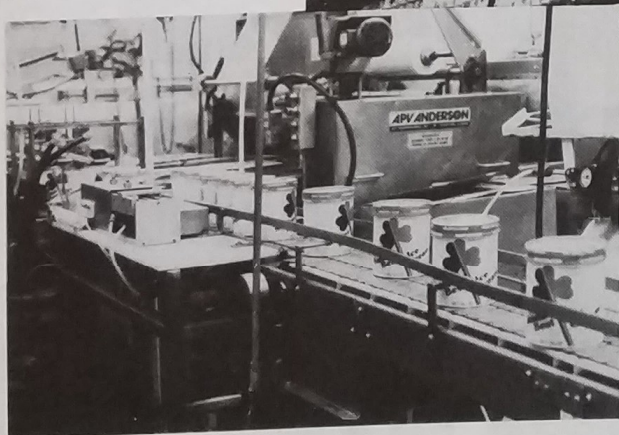


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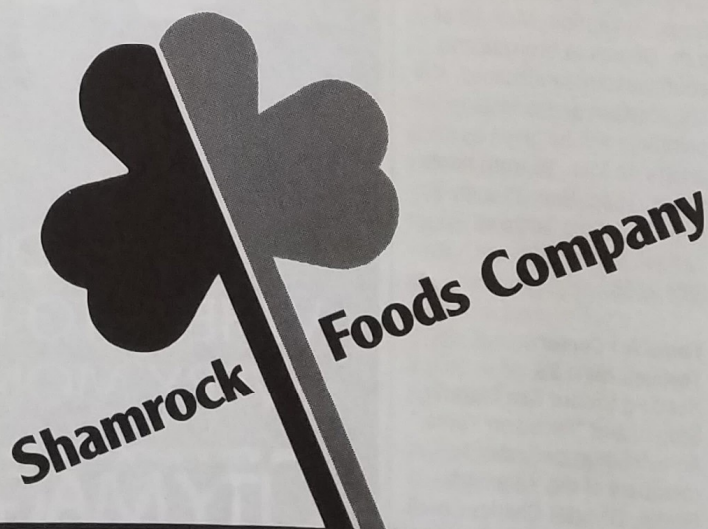
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SINCE 1922



Two months ago, the *Tucson Citizen* ran a letter to the editor that began: "We would like to know why there aren't any decent restaurants in Tucson." At first that seemed strange, especially considering the source: the couple writing the letter said they had moved here from Iowa.

But there was more here than a pair of palates that had suffered frostbite in the culinary Siberia of the American heartland. These refugees went on to explain that they had been hunting for a particular fare — "a nice, rare steak." I grazed over my own recollections, trying to remember eating a great steak in this cowtown. There have been a few, but disasters were far more common. It's tough to find a great steak, and it doesn't seem any different whether you're looking in Tucson, Des Moines or Aix-en-Provence.

To the culinary sophisticate, this hasn't lately mattered. In the era of cholesterol consciousness and obsession with dainty *nouvelle* cuisine, "a nice, rare steak" seemed like an artifact from the Stone Age. But now the ax is beginning to swing the other way. Steak is regaining its rightful cachet, even re-emerging as a high-end dining experience. This doesn't mean, however, that it's becoming easier to find, or to cook.

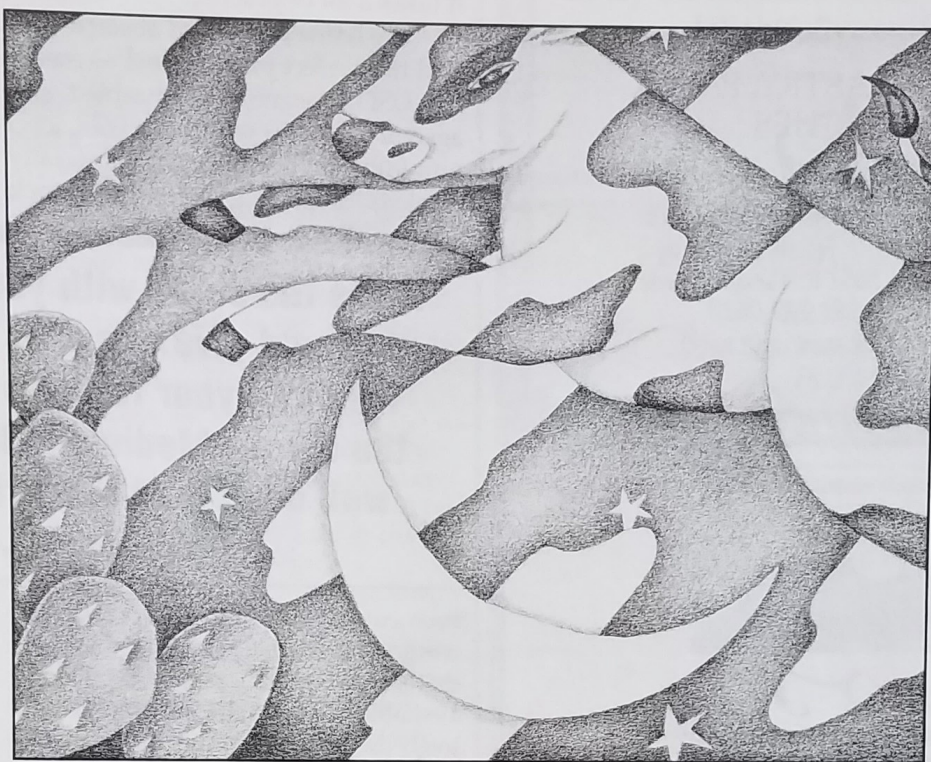
What makes a great steak? Here the chef of classical European training and the campfire cook of the Wild West sharply diverge. For once, your hungry columnist isn't taking sides. He appreciates both.

Where I came from, American culinary fundamentalism prevailed. A steak was a slab of meat cooked over charcoal with a dash of salt and pepper, and absolutely nothing else. To abuse a steak with a sauce, any sauce, would have been as vast a sacrilege as tinkering

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

The search for a great steak in Cowtown

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK



Theresa Smith

ing with the Lord's Prayer. (*Give us this day our daily bagel....*) I don't think anyone among my Texas acquaintances ever *tried* a sauce; it was dogma embraced without question. It seems to me now that there is a parallel in the religious and political cultures of the West.

In classical French cuisine, a steak sans embellishment is equally unthinkable. It might be marinated, then sautéed (or browned in a pan, then oven-baked), and served with a sauce such as bearnaise or brown mushroom. My

favorite is steak *au poivre*. Cracked black peppercorns are rubbed onto the raw meat, so dense they almost form a crunchy jacket, then the steak is set aside for a few hours (in effect, marinating in the pepper). Then it's sautéed in clarified butter and crowned with a green peppercorn and mushroom sauce. Subtle this ain't, and I can report that if you want wine, you'll need one with a body like Thor's to stand up to it.

Both traditions actually make sense, and you'll understand why if

you try a sauce on a good charcoal-grilled sirloin or eat a sautéed filet mignon without embellishment. If the grilled steak has been cooked correctly — with a hood over the grill to trap the smoke — the meat will emerge imbued with a delicate and piquant smoky flavor that would be covered up by a sauce. The sautéed filet, on the other hand, will seem bland. It wants marinating or saucing to develop flavor.

Customers at the new high-end restaurant at the Hotel Park Tucson are discovering this principle by trial and error. The Ranchers Club serves steaks and seafoods exclusively grilled over mesquite charcoal and a selection of more exotic woods (hickory, sassafras and cherry) soaked so they produce copious smoke. The kitchen offers twenty different sauces, ranging from simple basil butter through bearnaise to exotica such as curried apple chutney and green chile salsa. The idea was to lure diners back again and again for a rainbow of experiences.

"We've found that repeat customers tend not to order any of the sauces," says executive chef Edward Doran. "They just enjoy the smoke flavors. That's my preference too, just to eat the steak."

The Ranchers Club has found a formula for producing terrific steaks, although the entry fees are terrific, too — dinner for two with appetizers, steaks, dessert and the cheapest wine on the chart will run \$90, with tip. (Entrees can be shared to economize, which we did.) On our January evening there, a forlorn-looking staff tried to look busy serving exactly seven diners. It suggested that Tucson may be resistant to paying prices in the Janos and Tack Room ionosphere for steaks, no matter how artfully prepared.

Doran, however, is a fountain of

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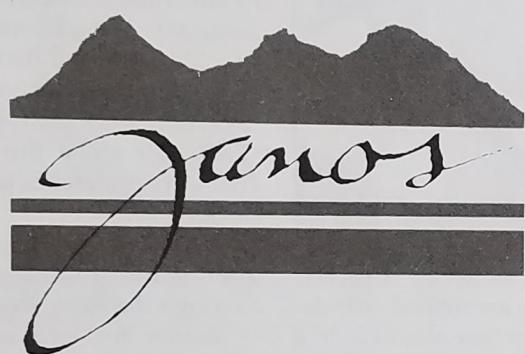
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EAT

free advice when I ask him for a lesson in how to cook a steak. I've ruined more than a few, I explain, and reluctantly have concluded that there's more to it than playing cowboy and tossing a slab of meat on a fire.

"There is," he says. "No one's born knowing how to cook the perfect steak. It takes a lot of practice."

The home chef's first obstacle is to find the perfect piece of beef — meaning USDA prime, well-marbled and aged at least four weeks in a cool, low-humidity environment. Try specialty markets. Supermarkets rarely stock

says Doran, is enough.

Cooking a New York sirloin on one of the restaurant's grills, Doran raises the smoke-trapping hood only occasionally to check progress. He turns the steak only once. "During cooking, the blood inside the meat is drawn toward whichever surface is on top. Everytime you turn it over, this juice is vaporized by the grill, which reduces the flavor."

And what about the thorniest problem of all, which is cooking to exactly the right degree of doneness? Doran rolls up his sleeve and demonstrates the professional's rule-of-fore-

Press the steak with your thumb; when it's rare, it should give about as much as a press on the inside of your forearm about two inches from the elbow. Medium is halfway up the forearm; well done is at the wrist. No one, of course, should ever...oh, you know.

such cuts, Doran says; most shoppers would balk at the price. He's noticed that most shoppers, surveying what is available at the meat counter, instinctively do the wrong thing; they pick the leanest steak they can find. Look for beef amply patterned with random strata of fat no more than 1/16" wide, he advises. The fat melts during cooking and flavors the lean meat around it.

Cooking on a grill? "Whatever you do, don't ignite the charcoal with chemicals — the odor will linger for hours. Use an electric starter." And don't be tempted to cook the steaks on an extremely hot grill with flames erupting all around. This looks macho as hell, but it also creates far too much charring, which tastes bitter, on the surface of the meat. A little blackening,

arm. Press the steak with your thumb; when it's rare, it should give about as much as a press on the inside of your forearm about two inches from the elbow. Medium is halfway up the forearm; well done is at the wrist. No one, of course, should ever... oh, you know.

None of this is exact science, as Doran proves when he overcooks his demo steak. He was aiming for medium rare, but this cow is well into the purgatory of medium. He's chagrined — as executive chef, he explains, he doesn't work the grill much anymore. I'd had a perfectly cooked, succulent steak from his kitchen the night before, so I know it's possible. It's just difficult. Ever since the days of the wide-open range we've been undervaluing the art of cooking a steak. □

NU REVUES

Maxwell's

1661 N. Swan

Years ago, when DiMaggio's used to camp out in that tiny little building at Swan and Pima, I used to get sidetracked there a lot on my way to work — sometimes two or three mornings a week. After my first sample of one of their miraculous omelettes and the world-class home fries, I thought my restless quest for the perfect pre-work-procrastination-breakfast-stop had ended once and for all. It didn't matter that the place was so incredibly small that it was always full and diners who had to wait for a seat would have to stand and block the door. Sometimes they would move between tables and read the morning paper over the shoulders of those already seated. Elbows would clonk heads good-naturedly, but the only bad feelings I ever witnessed were

when some party would actually have the nerve to loiter at their table after their breakfasts and talk, oblivious to the point-blank glares of those still waiting.

When the little building was torn down, I started getting to work on time, but now in a state of depression. It was a great day then when DiMaggio's turned up again on West Grant. By that time, I had a new job that took me out in that direction — sort of — and for a while, life was back to normal. Then they disappeared again.

But now Tommy DiMaggio has re-emerged with a new eatery, Maxwell's. And he's back at Swan and Pima no less, occupying a sunny, glass-enclosed ground-floor suite in the fancy office building that now stands on the crumbled brick where the original DiMaggio's lived. The first chance I got, I rushed over and

ordered my favorite Chile Verde Omelette. You might not know it from the name, but it is, without a doubt, an absolutely unique and delicious item. Ahhhh, I thought, once again there is order in the universe.

But actually, things aren't the same at all. Now there are flamingos and palm trees on the menu and a colorful variety of healthful and creative lunch and dinner entrees. Things like Maui Wowie (grilled ham and pineapple on an English muffin with beer-cheese sauce), San Carlos (sliced turkey with jalapeño mayo, chile strips, avocado, and melted Jack cheese on an English muffin), a selection of *fritatas* (like an omelette, but cooked on both sides and served flat, hot or cold), and salads like the SS Maxwell on a Raft (tuna salad on a tomato or avocado half and lots of garnish). Great hamburgers, too. Desserts even. I tried the chocolate almond ice cream and a co-worker (we were delinquent together) had the raspberry fudge cake; we loved it.

And, thank god, there are plenty of tables, including patio dining. Breakfast and lunch seven days; dinner, W-Sat. Major credit cards, checks with a guarantee card. 322-3636. — Triplane

La Placita Cafe 2950 N. Swan

Somewhere in Plaza Palomino is La Placita Cafe (I can't say exactly where, because I got completely lost wandering through various passageways and up and down staircases in that dazzlingly gorgeous but utterly maze-like complex). But then, after the difficult journey, it was like suddenly discovering an oasis. Large windows with mountain views, high ceilings, immaculately decorated, it was even better than I expected after becoming more familiar than I anticipated with the very high-end location. I don't even have a gold card, so I was starting to worry if I'd be able to eat the rest of the week, when I discovered that what they serve is just good old-fashioned Mexican food — at good old-fashioned Mexican food prices.

I ordered two tacos stuffed with very tender shredded beef and a bowl of albondigas soup. It was quite good and cost only \$4.95. I thought, what the heck, at these prices I can even afford dessert. And then they hooked me. Knocked me right out. They brought me a fruit-filled chimichanga — not over-large —

accompanied by a scoop of french vanilla ice cream. It was stunning. The homemade tortilla shell was hot and flaky, just a hint of oil still evident on its surface; the filling, sweet but not too heavy, and the chill of the ice cream was the perfect complement. Highest recommendation. Open 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day, major credit cards. Guitar music on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. 881-1150. — Triplane

Angelica's 3902 E. 29th

Mexican food, free delivery. Perfect, that's it, we decided, as we sat with our feet up, now wondering if there were any places that might deliver beer, too. No luck, we'll have to go out anyway, might as well just stop by Angelica's and order to go. It was, after all, only about a hundred yards down the street and right next door to a liquor store. It's one of those tiny take-out places, just about the size of a Catalina Foothills walk-in closet, with maybe two tables, just in case you might want to eat it there instead of on the curb. But Angelica's has class; the tiny dining room is carefully and tastefully decorated, like it might be a microscopic *Papagayo's* or something. Surely this means something, I thought.

At the counter was a cheerful and friendly guy with pad and pen at the ready. We told him we had considered using his free delivery service and he said, by all means, absolutely, you should have. We joked: maybe we'll just grab a couple of these menus and head back to our living room and call him in five minutes with our order, and he said, Go for it, absolutely, *No Problem*. I'm talking unshakable service here, friends, this guy is gonna make you happy no matter what it takes. And his food is great, too. The burritos are made with terrific homemade flour tortillas, and the fresh corn shells of the tacos are flaky and light and even have big airy bubbles in them. The prices are unbeatable: \$1.20 for a roast beef taco, and \$2.35 for a red chile burrito. One of my friends ordered the most high-end chimi he could think of: roast beef inside, enchilada-style, guacamole, and sour cream. The tab? \$3.10! We were impressed and you will be too. Open M-Th until 9, Fri. & Sat until 10. Checks accepted with a guarantee card. Free delivery with minimum order. 790-4107. — Triplane

ENCORES

Austin's 2920 E. Broadway

The menu is more dependable than the American dollar: if it's cream of potato soup it must be Wednesday. The fountain sits in plain view for worship by ice cream devotees and Austin's makes its own — good stuff with flavors that change from time to time. Sandwiches here are advertised as over-stuffed and the folks don't lie. The chicken

salad and tuna salad are addictive and the hamburger is the plain jane version (patty, bun, onions, lettuce and tomato) that America favored before it went Californian. 327-3892.

The Bagelry 2575 N. Campbell

A place that has real Back East tasting bagels and bialys, along with all the cream cheese conglomerations that

have been glued together in the past food-trendy years. Soups and sandwich stuff for bagels. The bagels come in all denominations: garlic, poppy, egg, pumpernickel, sesame, plain, raisin and a daily special that is a mixture of everything. Pictures of Dwight Gooden and other Mets paraphernalia line the walls. If you miss New York, stop by for the accents and taste without the prices or muggings. 881-6674.

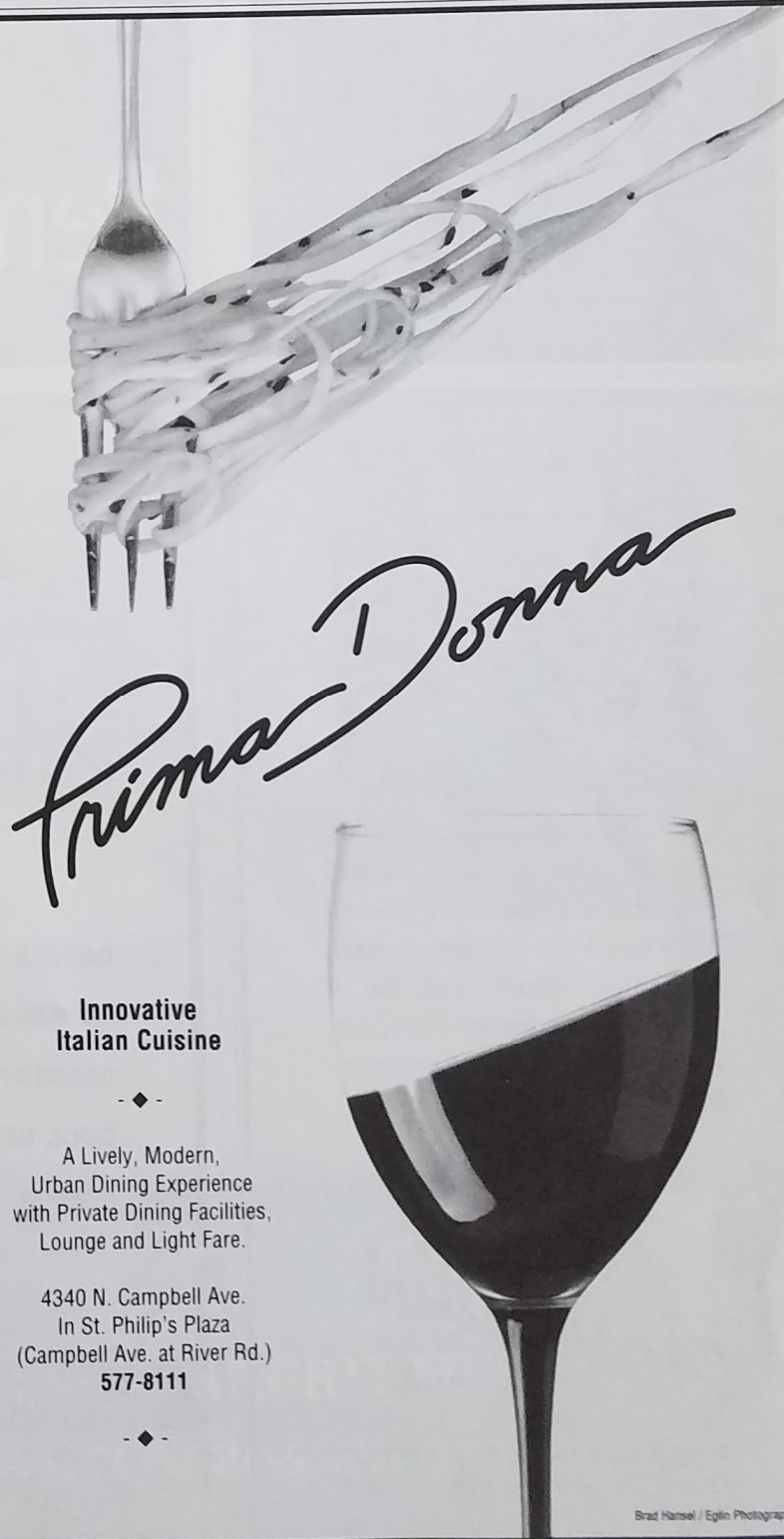
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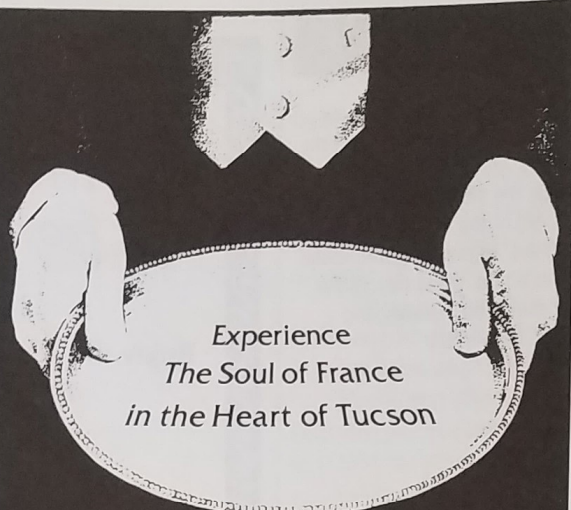


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El Rapido
77 W. Washington

Tucked away downtown a block from the Tucson Museum of Art, this little take-out place has been cranking out first-rate tortillas since 1933. Family-owned and operated by true fanatics — they've been buying their chilis from the same Santa Cruz valley farmer for decades. The beef tamale is a contender for the Nobel Prize in literature. Strictly take-out. 624-4725.

Larry Colligan's
Hidden Valley Inn
4825 N. Sabino Canyon Rd.

Great meat in a funky-out version of the old West; kill time looking at the exhibit of miniature carvings of Indian tribes, a circus, you-name-it—the owner is slightly crazed on the subject. Also, some world-class velvet paintings and endless tables. The food is good, but not cheap (16 oz. T-bone is \$12.95). But the steaks and prime rib are state of the art. Part carnival, part museum and all red meat. For the timid, they do have fish, King crab and chicken. 299-4941.

Janos
150 N. Main

Somehow, Janos has managed to recreate the leisurely grace of El Presidio as it must have been more than a century ago, and to slide in upscale '80s flavors without treading on sensibilities. The result is elegance in a laid-back Tucson way. The food is creative and excellent and expensive. The fare is continental gourmet, with Sonoran touches. The desserts are richer than the diners, and if you can't finish the outrageous chocolate-bourbon mousse, they send it home with you wrapped in a foil swan. Truly a place to be nice to yourself — it is Tucson's premier gourmet

eatery. Don't miss the bar, a Rory McCarthy creation. 884-9426.

El Bruno
5323 S. 12th Avenue

Well, we have it on authority that "this is it." The undiscovered, off-the-beaten-track, clean, unpretentious, storefront, Mexican family restaurant with low prices and the best Sonoran cooking you've ever tasted. The place to take out-of-town visitors that tells them you're a downright desert insider. Everything concocted from scratch — menudo, chimis, carne asada tacos.... Be the first one on your block to discover it. Only open from 7 a.m.-3 p.m. and closed Mondays. 294-9416.

Red Lobster
5061 N. Oracle

What's a giant chain fish restaurant, relentlessly inoffensive and market-researched up to its gills, doing in this library of small, individualistic and adventuresome places? Simple: it's reliable, and when it comes to seafood, reliability is a virtue not to be underestimated. Broiled flounder stuffed with deviled crab is moist, kumquat size hush-puppies, crisp cole slaw. Or the luncheon combo serves up popcorn shrimp, fried flounder and fried patties of deviled crab. The Red Lobster. Reliability. Don't scorn it. Oracle, 293-9174. Tanque Verde, 886-5584.

Taco Azteca
1911 E. Grant

If Los Mayas is the high end of the invasion of the *nouvelle cuisine mexicaine*, Taco Azteca comes in at the other extreme — and very nicely, thank you. The menu is limited but the fare inexpensive and downright *sabroso*. They boast health-conscious preparation, with charbroiling and no deep-fat frying. Quesadillas, soft tacos, carne asada, birria and menudo are all specialties. It's small and dazzlingly bright, white and clean. An affordable stop, and we recommend. 327-4774.

Bar-B-Q Ranch
5123 E. Speedway

In the same spot where the late, lamented Rodger's Deli once stood, the Ranch is living up to the legacy of great, cheap food. What makes or breaks barbecue is the sauce and these folks

come in A-OK with both a mild and hot version. Beef, pork, chicken and ribs, sloppy joes — a real '50s tastebud flashback. Plenty of salads — and their twice-baked potato's a winner. 323-3118.

Casa Molina
6225 E. Speedway

Since 1947, the mother hip of the Molina empire. Food a little pricey, but very good. The chips may be the best in the city and the salsa weighs in as serious stuff. At night, very busy but the enormous building seems capable of swallowing people at will. Red tile floors, solid wooden tables. Some argue — oh this is dangerous ground — that the beans are the best in Tucson. That's reason enough to check it out. 886-5468.

Frank's
3843 E. Pima

Tucson's neighborhood bar of the breakfast set. Regulars have t-shirts that advertise where they eat, which is a rock concert of fast-moving (and friendly) waitresses, crashing pans and frying food. Benefits include large breakfasts, thick (glue consistency) gravy and home-made biscuits, good cinnamon rolls. Daily specials, burgers, sandwiches for lunch. Jammed on weekends, but turnover is fast. 881-2710.

Hungry Fox
4637 E. Broadway

This place has the dignity of an authentic diner, minus railway car and night hours. But it does have daily specials (meat loaf), pot roast, chicken a la king served with vegetable, potatoes, and soup (or salad.) Comfortable orange and yellow booths, and a 1950s decor; waitresses from the same era. Top quality burgers, ground chuck. The place for anyone who still hungers for meat and potatoes. 326-2845.

Mina's Thai
6061 E. Broadway

Diplomacy is what this cuisine is all about: making seemingly incompatible ingredients live together in the same pot. Fiery chiles and coconut milk. Garlic and ginger. Mussels and basil leaves. Fresh mint and all the above. Logic and experience argue that none of this should work. Yet it does. Thai food is one of the world's most pleasurable adventures. So, if you haven't tried it,

there's the hot and sour shrimp salad, chicken wings stuffed, improbably but sensationally, with chopped pork, mushrooms, green onions and noodles, Thai pepper steak and chicken stir-fry with ginger curry and green beans. Your mouth is just waiting to get compatible. 790-0439.

Three Sisters
2226 N. Stone

Maybe the only good thing to come out of the Vietnam era were Vietnamese neighbors and their food. This place is dim and plain, but the food isn't. The menu is an extensive array of beef, pork, seafood, poultry and rice. Especially fine are the soups — light chicken and/or fish broth with soft noodles, vegetables and meat. Don't miss the Aromatic Beef — a true feast. 628-1094.

Panda Village
6546 E. Tanque Verde
Notches above the usual Oriental cuisine in town. Rank this place high on the intimacy scale—comfy booths with nothing fancy on the walls. The draw is the food. You have your choice of 123 different dishes, from mild lemon chicken to throat-burning Szechuan. Peking duck available when ordered 24 hours in advance. Excellent hot and sour soup—burns the palate just enough to make you want more. The service is quick, the waitresses friendly. Lunch, dinner. 296-6159.

Old Original
Philadelphia Deli
Church and Pennington
(Arizona Bank Plaza)
If you're forced to work downtown, a.k.a. the civil service ghetto, this place has several years of experience putting out deli and club sandwiches, hoagies, and of course, steaks. Cheesesteaks, pizza steaks, mushroom steaks, great steaks (rib-eye cut) sliced paper thin and grilled to perfection — all for under four bucks. A must for cow fiends. Franchises are located all over the city, and the quality varies — but this place is a find.

Mountain View
1220 E. Prince
It's instant Illinois of your youth: the decor looks like a modernized Elks Club with banquet-sized seating capacity. And if you yearn for the days when mom cooked

this stuff, you won't be disappointed. This place, its roots in German-Czech cuisine, will take you back to the glory days of a Great Lakes diner. It's attracted every snowbird from Wisconsin and Minnesota. Meat loaf, roast duck, mashed potatoes with thick brown gravy. The only disappointment are their dumplings — they taste just like plain bread. You'll waddle out of this place after the over-sized portions you get. Very affordable. Good service,

pleasant and open atmosphere. 293-0375.

The Big A
1818 E. Speedway
The original UA student/faculty hangout boasting felt banners from colleges all over the country. Worn wood tables, low lighting and counter service combine for a relaxing place to eat their charbroiled burgers. Plenty of toppings: guac, mushrooms, onions, cheese. A Tucson institution where red meat is

done right. We hope it will still be around as they carve up Speedway. Beer and mixed drinks. 326-1818.

B&B Cafe
Hotel Congress
311 E. Congress
European-style deli and sidewalk cafe. Buttery croissants and crisp, flaky French bread, bins of fresh lemons and oranges, shelves of imported beer and wine. Breakfast might be a scone with just-whipped cream or steamed

eggs and fruit. Lunches are salads, soups and open-faced sandwiches with fine deli ingredients, e.g., roast beef, salami, provolone and smoked salami. But it's their attention to detail that makes the difference here: shiny copper pots bubbling with homemade soups, a copy of *The New York Times* spread across a red-and-white tablecloth and the *piece de resistance*, the antique refrigerator filled with desserts. 622-8848.



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CAFE MAGRITTE

254 E. CONGRESS / 884-8004

Downtown lost its momentum, much of Tucson's new growth was miles away from Congress and Stone. In August of 1970, a race riot started in the theater and spread out into the streets. Crowds dwindled. On June 19, 1974, the Fox-Tucson Theatre closed.

Tucson's Fox Theatre opened on April 11, 1930. Thousands of people swarmed onto Congress Street, there was a "great pyrotechnical display," and dancing in the street waxed as smooth as a dance floor. Every available band played: Tony Corral's Spanish Troubadours, the DeMolay band, the San Xavier Indian band, the University of Arizona band, Roy Mack and his Silver Slipper Orchestra and Bertram's Country Club Orchestra. Co-eds from the UA did a dance routine, an airplane piloted by Arizona's own pioneer aviator Charles Mayse maneuvered overhead and five movie stars — Don Alvarado, Polly Moran, Lois Moran, Charles Farrell and Gwen Lee — made appearances.

Prices for the premiere show were fifty cents for the balcony, sixty cents for the main floor, and seventy-five cents for the loge. Fifteen usherettes wearing outfits called "sailorlette uniforms," which looked more like silk pajamas, escorted customers to the seats. The girls were selected for consistency in height and had "been in training in platoon system for the last week," according to the *Arizona Daily Star*.

The evening's overture was "A Spanish Fantasy," a reference to the theater's gaudy Art Deco design. Next came three short films: a Pathe Sport-light, "Feline Fighters," Fox Movietone News, and a cartoon featuring Mickey Mouse in "Wild Waves." The Fox also wanted to show off its \$20,000 Wurlitzer pipe organ. Herbert Nixon, nationally known for organizing and directing Gobs of Joy, a jazz orchestra, lent an air of sophistication to the evening with his presence and talent. Last on the slate was the main feature, "Chasing Rainbows," an all-talking musical partly in color. It was full of song and dance, laughter and romance. One of its melodies, "Happy Days Are Here Again," is still well known.

Tucson was ready for big-time theater in 1930. It had 32,000 people and several new construction projects were completed — the Sixth Avenue subway, the Greater Tucson Airport, and Mansfield and Carrillo schools. The day the Fox opened, business was brisk. But the town was beginning to feel the pinch of the Depression — the Chamber of Commerce had opened an unemployment bureau, and the Big Brothers

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sold newspapers to benefit the poor. The Fox Theatre management was keenly aware of the fear in the air in April of 1930. Their plan of action, quite bluntly, was to make the most of it. As the opening night souvenir program

house, spotted him. Under Hull House supervision, he learned English. It was also in Chicago that Daved coined the name Diamos after a railroad foreman decided that Diamantatsikos was too cumbersome. The brothers ended up in

THE LOST PALACE

Who's got the moxie to bring back the Fox Theatre?

BY DIANE BOYER



Opening night, April 11, 1930.

photo courtesy of the Arizona Historical Society, Buchman collection.

put it: "Let moods be what they may — all moods melt into a common consciousness of harmony within these walls. Here anxiety and care slip from the mind like a garment that is laid aside, when once the smiling atmosphere of this house enfolds the guest."

The Fox was used to difficulties. When demolition of the buildings began on April 24, 1929 to accommodate the theater, it was called the Tower, the brainchild of the Diamos brothers, Daved, Nick, Frank, John, and George, and their young uncle, James Xalis. They had been around. After leaving Greece, the eldest, Daved, settled in Chicago, where some of the family eventually joined him. He was selling apples on a street corner when Jane Addams, social reformer and founder of Hull House, a pioneer settlement

Southern Arizona when Nick discovered that the nearest thing to the landscape of Greece he had seen in the United States was Tucson.

By 1929, the Diamos brothers owned most of the theaters in Southern Arizona, including the Grand in Douglas and the Lyric in Tucson. The Tower was to be the crown jewel of the Diamoses' theater chain. California architect Eugene Durfee designed the posh, \$300,000 theater. Unfortunately for the Diamoses' dreams, in 1929 the Fox West Coast and Paramount/Publix motion-picture companies struggled to gain control of Arizona theaters. On September 6, the day after construction of the Tower began, Fox West Coast told the Diamoses that if they did not lease the Tower to them, they would build a larger, fancier theater directly

across the street and cut prices to boot. On September 28, 1929, Fox West Coast announced it had leased the Tower, as well as the rest of the theaters in the Diamoses' chain. The Tower became the Fox and construction continued as planned.

In February of 1930, a scaffold collapsed, killing one man and wounding several others. Frederick Fielder, one of the many Tucsonans keeping an eye out for employment, "reasoned that a replacement would be required for the poor chap." Fielder nearly quit along with the rest of the Fox construction crew when "word swept through Tucson that placer gold had been discovered at Covered Wells....Work on the Fox ceased immediately and every one huddled and speculated on the chances of giving up construction and making millions as placer miners." After some thought, the crew grubstaked one of its own to go placering. He returned shortly without any gold.

When the Fox began, vaudeville was still an important part of movie-palace fare. Plans for the Fox included nicely appointed men's and women's dressing rooms and showers. The Depression killed vaudeville and the dressing rooms were never finished.

The Fox quickly established itself as the community center. The thirty-four-by-six-foot vertical neon FOX sign was the largest in the state. The management gave out free passes — *Star* reporters used the Fox as a hideout; law-enforcement personnel had free passes as well. One of the obvious reasons for the Fox's popularity was the structure itself. Decorator Robert Powers, a Californian, designed the lavish interior. The auditorium was a 6,500-square-foot modernistic showcase. A lavender stained-glass proscenium and gold-and-purple tiles surrounded the stage. Light-brown acoustic plaster arranged to give the impression of skyscrapers covered the Wurlitzer organ chambers. Fluted gold-leaf-covered columns that ended in more lavender glass ascended the walls. The ceiling's mural was a sunburst motif in yellow, orange, purple, green, and brown. From the center hung a 700-pound cut-glass chandelier. The 1,300 seats were clad in Morocco leather and tapestried cloth. Eleven hundred square feet of thickly padded colorful carpeting covered the lobby, light fixtures throughout were cut glass, and the stairway banisters were wrought iron and painted gold.

When it opened, the Fox had evaporative cooling. The management claimed it maintained a constant temperature of 70 degrees year-round. In 1934, Tucson's first mechanical-refrigeration system was installed at the Fox. Banners hung outside advertised the temperature within.

The manager, assistant manager,

or doorman greeted patrons at the door; immaculately dressed ushers escorted them to their seats. Teenagers thought it crucial to be on good terms with the ushers so they could get a loge seat at a back-balcony price. There was no snack bar. It was not until around 1940 that the Fox sold food.

The Fox West Coast corporation hired Roy P. Drachman to run the Fox — he'd been running Tucson theaters since 1925. He reigned over some of the Fox's best years, from 1933 to 1939. Bank Night was a sure-fire way to draw a crowd — once a week all ticketholders got a chance at a cash prize. If there were no winners, the prize grew — once reaching eighteen or nineteen hundred dollars. Byron Kemp, a local insurance man, began to offer Bank Night insurance enabling people to win without attending. In 1933, Drachman purchased Chevrolets two or three at a time at \$425 apiece from Frank O'Reilly. He then hired Pepper Carpenter, Tucson's unofficial town crier, to stand on street corners with a megaphone to advertise the drawing. One night a woman won one who had bought exactly the same car the day before. Drachman knew how to advertise shows as well. When "The Drunkard" came to the Fox, he had strip signs announcing, "The Drunkard is coming, he sleeps here." By attending China Night every week, one could obtain a complete set of dishes. Ladies' Matinee met with great enthusiasm: women donned their finest apparel and reported they had a "date" with Clark Gable, or Robert Montgomery.

Drachman liked to do crazy things. "One of the nights," he recalls, "we had a fellow who could cry like a baby, and we put him up in the balcony, and he started crying... and it was annoying the audience.... Finally, we had it arranged that two shots fired, bang-bang! And then he shut up, and of course, we were shooting blanks." After a brief silence, the audience cheered. In 1935 Warner Brothers pushed "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of the earliest talking Shakespeare pictures. Drachman met a train load of motion-picture salesmen (on their way to the annual Los Angeles sales meeting) with a Mexican marimba band, big sombreros, margaritas, and envelopes that read, "If your Midsummer Night's Dream comes true, use the enclosed." Inside was a condom.

In April of 1930, the same month the Fox opened, Disney started promoting the Mickey Mouse Clubs. Tucson's "Aunt Minnie" was Mabel Mathews Weadock who ran the club from 1932 to 1946. Every Saturday morning, nearly 1500 kids packed into the Fox. To join, they signed a card and accepted the Mickey Mouse Club creed — to be square-shooters, truthful and honorable, respectful of the elders, and

good Americans. Admission was ten cents. A typical club meeting began with the Pledge of Allegiance led by a Boy Scout honor guard, patriotic songs and the Club anthem, "Minnie's Yoo-Hoo." Then came cartoons, a feature, live entertainment, games and contests. The club allowed children of all races and classes to meet and mingle. Club meetings were the only time the theater was integrated — the Fox normally permitted blacks only in the back half of the balcony.

The Fox underwent extensive remodeling in 1956 but new movie

houses, drive-ins and television competed directly for customers. The Mickey Mouse Club died out in the fifties. Children could now watch the all-new Mickey Mouse Club on television....

The Fox is currently owned by a New York corporation and boarded up. There is a Save-the-Fox movement in Tucson which seeks to get the theater back in action. Currently, Michael Midkiff leads the crusade (phone: 888-4501, 621-4515 work). In a dead downtown, a kind of corpse left by the merchant flight to the malls, the efforts

of government to date seem boring, futile, and, well, ugly. We have half created an arts district that after all the millions spent on downtown, still lacks the snap of haphazard Fourth Avenue. Why not spend some money on something that could be fun, distinctive and give this town a little class? Why not bring back the Fox as restaurant-bar-theater-nightclub, a time machine to the movie palace days of the '30s?
—The Editor

Diane Boyer is the great-granddaughter of scientist-explorer-author Godfrey Sykes, and a fourth-generation Tucsonan.

PRISCILLA ALVAREZ, PETER ALVAREZ DANIEL SNYDER, Photo PETER ALVAREZ, Hair & Make-up

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LOCAL CUSTOM

EL MORO DE CUMPAS

He lost the race, but won the song title

BY JIM GRIFFITH

This is a good story, tied to this part of the world... and that's really all the excuse I need for its telling. Rafael Romero was a nightclub owner in Agua Prieta, Sonora, just across the border from Douglas. In the 1950s, he was making regular trips to Mexico City to book acts for his Club Copacabana, and in the process he got to know Pedro Infante, the great Mexican *ranchera* singer. The two men were of a size, so Infante presented Sr. Romero with one of his many *charro* outfits. It would be nice to wear on such patriotic occasions as the annual Cinco de Mayo and 16 de Septiembre celebrations.

But you can't *walk* in a charro costume — you need a horse. And so Sr. Romero remembered a friend who owned a dairy business and was an

avid participant in the local racing scene. He had just bought a reputedly fast horse. Yes, of course, he'd be happy to loan his horse to his old friend Sr. Romero to ride in parades and at other occasions. Nothing simpler. But then the dairyman died, and his widow was definitely uninterested in owning a horse. You feed cows and they give milk. You feed the horse and he gets hungry again.

**The dairyman died, and his widow was
definitely uninterested in owning a horse.
You feed cows and they give milk. You feed
the horse and he gets hungry again.**

People were coming in from nearby towns and ranches, and by race time the bets had passed 100,000 pesos, in a day when 12.8 pesos equalled a dollar. Now another person enters the story — Leonardo Yanez, nicknamed "el Nano." Yanez was — and still is — a professional musician, raised in the Sonoran mining town of Nacozari de Garcia (there's a story *there*, too!). Turning to music when eye problems kept him from mining work, he was beginning to make a name for himself both as a member of the mariachi that played in the Club Copacabana and as a composer of *corridos*, or Mexican ballads. In fact he had already written one ballad about a horse race, and it was quite successful. Trouble was, other musicians kept claiming it was theirs.

Sensing an opportunity in the coming race, he asked his boss, Rafael Romero, for permission to compose a corrido on his horse, and then got ready for the event. He stationed friends at the start of the track and the halfway point to report on what took place, and placed himself at the finish line.

The signal was given and the two horses dashed down the track. Relampago was supposedly the first horse to race in Agua Prieta with a regular racing saddle. El Moro was raced the old style, bareback, with the jockey's knees wedged under a surcingle around the horse's belly. Both horses ran well, but Relampago was the larger horse and passed El Moro in the second half of the course. The winners rejoiced, the losers cursed, and Yanez composed his song.

When he got to the last verse, he remembered the problems he had had with his other ballad, and put his own name in as composer. He also formally asked pardon of his friends, because he had advised them to bet on the favorite — El Moro!

And that, neighbors, is the story behind one of our region's most popular corridos — "El Moro de Cumpas." Leonardo Yanez currently lives in

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Douglas, a well-known and respected senior musician. He has appeared several times at the annual Tucson Meet Yourself corrido contest, and is still composing ballads and other songs. But it is "El Moro" that brought him to real fame. Everyone sings that song. It has been recorded by Mexico's finest traditional singers, and a movie was even based on it.

But the story really doesn't stop there. As is so often the case, the race was hotly contested by backers of the losing horse, who claimed that it had been "thrown." There was a rematch, with different jockeys and the same outcome, and another, ending in a scratch on Relampago's part and more protesting. Relampago went on to run other races, one of which is also quite famous, although no song was ever written about it. The owners of a horse from the United States named Chiltepin challenged Relampago, but quarantine restrictions kept either horse from crossing over into the country of the other. The race was finally held near Douglas... along the border fence. Chiltepin ran in Arizona, Relampago in Sonora. The winner? Relampago!

El Moro in particular enjoyed a distinguished old age. It became his owners' custom to ship him to any town where funds were being raised

for charity. People would pay money to have their pictures taken standing next to the famous horse. When he died, his body was placed on a flatbed truck and carried through the streets of Cumpas. Musicians played, everybody turned out, and one woman remembers El Moro's beautiful white tail dragging in the dust. Relampago lasted a while longer, and finally had to be put down. Sr. Romero approached a local taxidermist and got his horse's head and neck mounted. When I saw it a few years ago, it was hanging in his house, across the street from where the old Copacabana had been until it burned down a few years ago. After both horses had died, Leonardo Yanez wrote another corrido — a farewell — to them both. It, too, is still sung.

And there you have it. By the way, if you don't know the song, request it the next time you're around a group of Mexican musicians in a bar or restaurant — EVERYBODY knows it. But first be sure to find out how much they charge for requests. That's part of our local culture, too, and some surprises are less fun than others. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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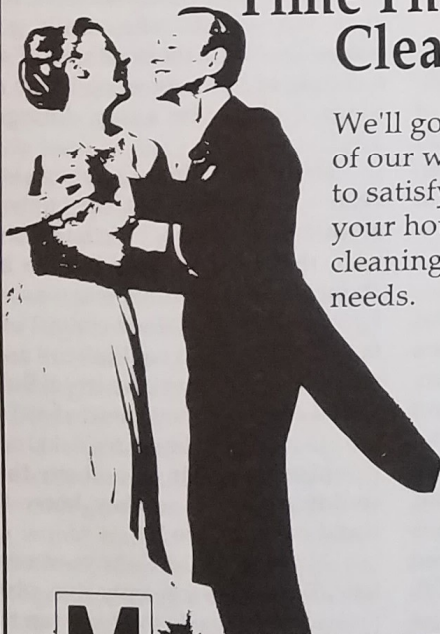
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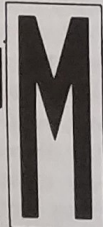
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TUCSON'S
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BABIES GOT
DIFFERENT
ADVICE FROM
THEIR MOMS

—
BUT
ODIE ELLIOTT
AND
ABBIE BISHOP
WERE BOTH
RIGHT.

BY ALAN D. FISCHER

Home-grown superstar Sean Elliott and his Basket Cat teammates had just lost a heart-breaker to Oklahoma, an emotional plunge after the exhilaration of reaching the Final Four. Now the National Basketball Association was dangling some \$700,000 just to get Sean's name on a contract, a heady amount for anyone — and he was barely twenty years old. By the time he got home last April, Sean had made the decision Tucson feared: He would skip his senior year at the University of Arizona, he announced to his mother, and grab the NBA's gold.

Odie Elliott, a down-to-earth, hard-working single parent who had always been close to her son, let the initial shock sink in. Then she got straight to the point: "There is no reason to quit school," she admonished Sean. "They are not going to quit making money. If you are worth it this year, you are worth it next year."

In another Tucson home, Odie's friend and co-worker, Abbie Bishop, was confronted with a similar shock. The Bishop family traditionally stressed education, including post-graduate degrees. Abbie herself had returned to college in her forties to earn a second degree — in nuclear medicine. But her son Andy, while studying physics and Russian at the UA on a full academic scholarship, had been pulled more and more into the sport of bicycle racing. Now, a decision had to be made: cycling or academics?

Though surprised, Abbie Bishop endorsed his choice — to chase the lure of the spinning wheel. "I really didn't realize how important it was to him," she says. "But I supported it 100 percent — maybe 120 percent."

The advice of Odie Elliott and

Abbie Bishop at their sons' crossroads was very different. But the foundations they had provided to that point had many parallels. The two mothers work at the same hospital and have known each other for twelve years. Both families endured divorce, suffered hard times, and nurtured an atmosphere of responsibility and self-reliance. Both produced scholars and athletes. And they developed winners.

Sean Elliott listened to his mother and has been burning up the court most games in his final season as a Wildcat. Not only will he get another shot at the elusive NCAA championship, but he could pass the legendary Lew Alcindor as the top Pac-10 scorer. Elliott demolished Vegas and Villanova on national TV, and ESPN announcer Dick Vitale can't seem to gush over him enough. The NBA, with its promise of millions, covets Sean more than ever — he may be its number-one draft choice.

And Andy Bishop, that college

drop-out? He did all right for himself, too. He can boast a finish in the 1988 Tour de France, the world's most grueling sporting event, and the ultimate contest in the eyes of many Europeans — a three-week equivalent of the World Series, the Super Bowl and soccer's World Cup rolled into one. Beginning his second year as a professional cyclist in Europe, he rides for one of the best-financed teams, alongside the top-ranked racer in the world. Andy's goal is to make a million dollars by the time he's thirty, and his mother, watching as he makes his meteoric rise in the bicycling world, is confident he'll reach it.

At fifty-one, Odie Elliott is a tall, softspoken woman with an easy laugh. After growing up in the tiny town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, she had served in the Army at Fort Benning, Arkansas, before moving to Tucson at the age of twenty-six. "We came because my husband's mother was here," she explains.

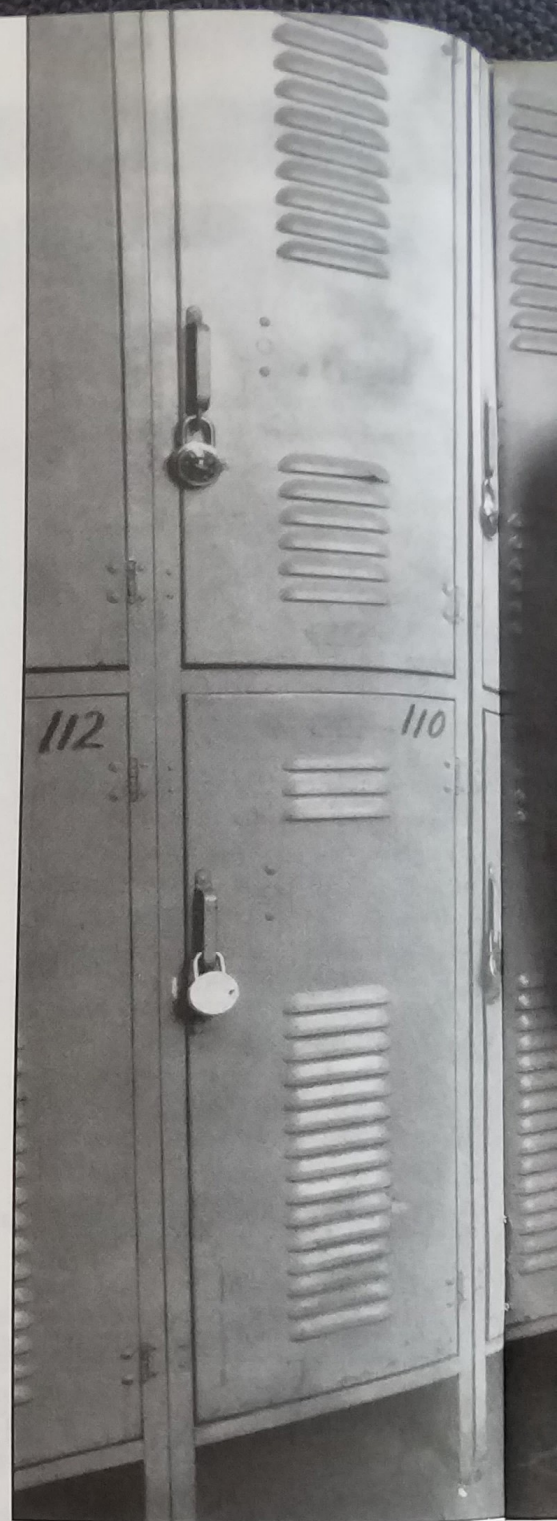
The G.I. Bill made it possible for her to go to college, so she started when Sean, her youngest child, was two. Doing it the hard way — working and raising children as she went to school — she eventually graduated from the UA's College of Nursing, and she has worked as a nurse at the Veterans Administration Hospital for sixteen years. Her marriage broke up in 1978, leaving her a single working parent with three boys, Robert, Noel and Sean. So she chose to work the night shift at the hospital, in intensive care and coronary care, because it allowed her to be home during the day when her sons needed her. It also paid more than the day shift, an important consideration for the family. Winters, this schedule

worked out fine, because she slept during the day. "Summers, we won't even talk about," she recalls good-naturedly. "With the boys home, I'd get a couple of hours of sleep in the evenings, and maybe a nap during the day."

There was a time, Odie says, when Sean was tempted, perhaps, to not be all that he could be. "We had a shaky year there; Sean would have been about ten. The turning point was when I got divorced. I gained control of my family. I guess you couldn't call me the strictest parent that ever lived. But we talked a lot, and they knew when I said 'do,' that I meant business. And I never promised anything to them that I couldn't deliver, so they knew they could count on me."

All three of Odie's boys were athletic. Robert, now twenty-five, played junior varsity basketball and ran track in high school. Twenty-two-year-old Noel was into baseball and golf in high school. And Sean — well, he played just about everything, and he played it well.

"He was a very active young person," laughs Odie. First up for him was Little League baseball, where he pitched and covered left field. "He





Andy and Abbie Bishop, Odie and Sean Elliott.
Photo by Tom Bingham / Eyefull

made the all-star team. Then it lost its flavor when he got to junior high." So he ran track-and-field, wrestled, and launched his basketball career in junior high. And the pressure was already on: There were squad cuts, and no junior varsity team to fall back to if you did not make the grade. "When he got to junior high, you had to make the team or you just didn't get to play ball," his mom remembers.

Sean spent seventh grade at Vail Junior High on the East Side, under the school district's program for the academically gifted. Since the Elliotts lived near Pima College's west campus, it meant a long drive to pick him up after practices and games. So at the close of seventh grade, it was decided that Sean would transfer to his neighborhood school, Maxwell Junior High, for eighth grade, easing a bit for Odie the logistics of being a parent-chauffeur.

Odie, who played basketball herself in high school and in the Army, used to play one-on-one with Sean when he was young. Today, people always want to know when it was, exactly, that she knew how good her son was. Probably, she answers, it was when he badly hurt a ligament in his

leg while playing soccer in junior high. "The first orthopedist we saw advised him to give up sports and lead a more sedentary life. And here was this thirteen-year-old boy shouting that he couldn't do that, going nose-to-nose with this doctor. I realized we had to do something about this." So Odie and Sean found a doctor who knew more about sports injuries. The orthopedist asked, "Is he any good?" And Sean answered, "Yes, I'm good." His mother believed him — "any kid who was willing to work that hard for something ..." The doctor put his leg in a brace, and "Sean's been going strong ever since."

It was at Cholla High School that word of Sean's basketball prowess spread around the city. Odie had hoped to send Sean to Salpointe, but tuition there was too high for the single-income family. And although Sean had been a gifted student, his grades didn't always reflect his potential with books, the way his game stats showed his potential on the court. "He was a fair student until he decided he could be a good basketball player," Odie says. Coaches at Cholla and the UA helped her to convince him he should whip his grades into shape if he

wanted to succeed as a college player, and he went on to earn a perfect 4.0 grade-point average his senior year at Cholla.

By then, Sean was a hot property for basketball programs across the country. But Odie says he decided early on to remain in the Old Pueblo, rather than venture far from his family. He went to many summer basketball camps, and after one three-week stint away from home, he got back to Tucson and said, "I don't want to go away. I have everything I need right here. Why should I go to school 2,000 miles away?" "I did not encourage him to leave," she adds. "He tells me I am the biggest influence in his life. We talked about it, but it was his decision."

Nonetheless, the college-recruiting period was hectic for a celebrated athlete like Sean. "College basketball coaches seem to work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. And the ones on the East Coast seemed not to know what time it was in other areas. They would call at one in the morning! We got a lot of calls before the final signing," Odie remembers. But by making an early verbal commitment to Arizona, Sean did spare the Elliott

household some of the recruiting craziness.

Besides a good basketball program — soon to be sparked to greatness by Sean — the UA offered something very important to the Elliotts: strong academic support. The players' grades are monitored, there are mandatory study halls, and individual tutoring is offered. "Not many schools have such support," Odie says. And at that time, a college degree for Sean was in her thoughts far more than any dreams of the NBA. "This is a way for my child to work his way through school," Sean's mother thought. "I couldn't have afforded all this. When Sean entered school I didn't have pro basketball in mind. I had education in mind. If Sean had attended school on an academic scholarship, he would have had to get a job to make ends meet."

Odie is also pleased, overall, that her son chose a school at which he would be a team player, rather than the star who carries the whole team — even though that may have been a detriment in his development for the NBA. "He realizes he can't be quite as unselfish as he is now," when he turns pro.

The intoxicating success of the Wildcats in the last couple of years has turned the players into celebrities. Sean, now famous enough to be recognized by children on the streets of Chicago, as he was on one trip, has been heralded as a likely candidate for NCAA Player of the Year. Many publications offered pre-season predictions that his senior year in Tucson would be phenomenal. "When I saw Sean on the magazine covers, I couldn't believe it," Odie marvels. "Sometimes I don't think he believes it either. It really hasn't gone to his head."

Even so, Sean's decision to return to the university for his final season

But Odie does hope that Sean makes it in the NBA if that is what he wants — even though she would not be disappointed if he decided to use his business degree after graduation, instead. She has every confidence in him: “I don’t think Sean will ever leave me, as a son. He’s just going to move on to a new step ... We’ll be cheering Sean in a different arena next year. I’ve never been to a genuine NBA game ... I will get to go and I will get to cheer!” Always the concerned mother, she adds, however, that she hopes he gets drafted by a team with good people, few personality problems, and — above all — no drug problems. In the meantime, his mother has taken out a bank loan to keep up a million-dollar insurance policy on his future career. “The premium is the better part of \$20,000,” she acknowledges. “It hasn’t been easy. I’ve cut a lot of corners, and my oldest boys

are helping me."

As a local boy made good, a star often in the public spotlight, Sean can be a role model for other youngsters, and that does Odie proud. She says that as an average kid, who didn't live in the Foothills or have a lot of money, Sean stayed out of trouble, got a good education, and made a success of himself. "I think this is important to the community of young people here. He is willing to spend his time and give of himself for other young people. He has gotten a lot of blessings in life. He has been willing to pay back."

And her role? "It has been important to give him the opportunity to be what he could be," she beams.

Abbie Bishop moved to Tucson in 1977, leaving behind a divorce and the gray, dreary darkness of a Midwest winter. Born in China, she had attended the noted Shanghai American School until the communists took over the country and forced her missionary family, and other foreigners, to leave. She graduated from Iowa State University with a double major in chemistry and zoology, but settled into the lifestyle of housewife and mother after marriage resulted in four children. After a divorce, she needed a career to support her family, returned to school,

and earned a degree in nuclear medicine, launching her new life. Attracted by Tucson's climate and a good job offer, she relocated and began working at the VA Hospital, where she met Odie Elliott as they worked on kidney transplant patients.

The Bishop family has always put academics ahead of sports. Abbie's parents were both teachers. Her son Matthew holds a doctorate in polymer chemistry and is a researcher with Dow Chemical; son Daniel earned a degree in mechanical engineering. Their sister Rachel is about to finish her doctorate in accounting.

Although her children did dabble in sports as youngsters, they were not

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Some good things in life come true, too.

AND WHAT'S NEXT...

really what you would call star athletes, Abbie says. This was partly because of other responsibilities that precluded such activities. "All my children have always worked," she notes, and that limited the time and energy they had for sports.

Andy took the normal route of a young American boy. He played Little League baseball. He dabbled in gymnastics. But his true love was music — especially playing trombone in jazz, marching and concert bands. In addition, his grades were good, placing him in the top twenty-five in his graduating class at Catalina High School. Offered a full music scholarship as well as a full physics-engineering scholarship at UA,

he picked the latter.

Andy Bishop's fortuitous relationship with the bicycle came out of necessity rather than choice. "His only way of getting around Tucson was a bicycle, period," says Abbie. While his peers got cars or at least drivers' licenses at age sixteen, not so Andy. He didn't get his license until he could afford to pay his share of automobile insurance. "He never drove until he was seventeen. He discovered he liked cycling better than driving."

Abbie remembers Andy's high school prom, when he waited at the door, corsage in hand, for his date to arrive and pick him up. "He used to ride his bicycle with his trombone

under his arm," she adds, smiling.

Andy was first bitten by the serious cycling bug during a summer he spent living with an uncle in Washington, D.C. He hoped to get a summer job as a legislative aid or something equally glamorous, Abbie says, but ended up working in a bicycle shop there. His co-workers urged him to get serious about the sport, believing he could go somewhere with it.

Still, when he returned from Washington for his sophomore year at the UA, his aspirations were limited to casual social riding with friends. But other people kept asking, "Why not race?" and he finally agreed, "Why not?"

That year Andy balanced academics and racing at a regional level. But when he was named to the U.S. National Team, the elite group from which Olympic and World Championship riders are chosen, he realized his commitment to the sport ruled out full-time schooling.

For Abbie, it was initially difficult to see him drop out with just two semesters remaining in his quest for a double major. "For my generation, [college] was what was expected of you ... [But] after I really realized what was going on, I said, 'Go for it.' I've always allowed my kids to do their own thing."

"I think the time is right for Andy," his mother adds. "I feel that even if he doesn't ever finish college, he will be a success. He will be happy with what he does. [And] it is never too late to go back to school, if that is what you want. I went back when I was forty-two."

His rise in the sport has borne her out. For a novice to jump to the professional level after only three seasons is astonishing, and for a rider to complete the Tour de France after just six months on the pro circuit is virtually unheard of. The three-week, 2,000-mile race traverses the length and breadth of France. It is seen by more spectators than any other athletic event. Millions of fans line the roadways of France, cheering on their heroes as they pass by. Andy's team, PDM, placed first overall.

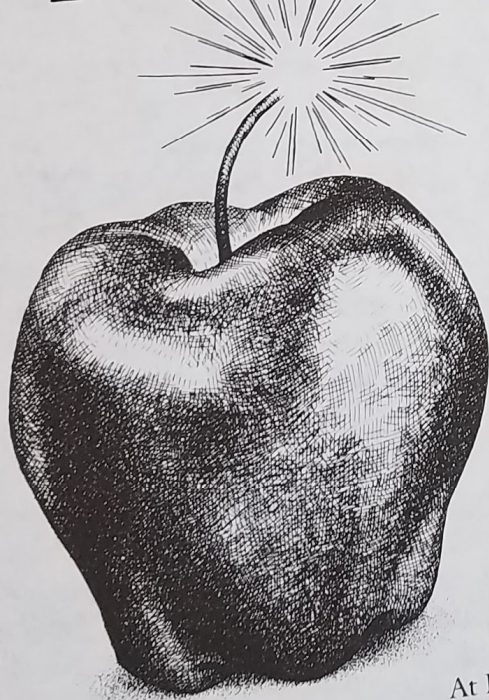
The PDM team, sponsored by the cassette tape company, is the best-financed in cycling, Abbie points out. Ireland's Sean Kelly, the team captain and top-ranked rider in the world, receives a basic salary of \$800,000 per year, plus whatever bonuses, race winnings and endorsements he can garner, boosting his annual income well over the \$1 million mark. As a rookie team rider, whose job is to aid the captain or the star in winning, Andy, now twenty-three, does not earn that kind of money. But just wait, Abbie says. "Knowing him, he is going to the top."

She also thinks Andy has learned far more of life as a cyclist than he would have at the university. Being a stranger in Europe, Andy has worked hard to fit in, learning Dutch and French and adopting the Continental lifestyle. "He has a more cosmopolitan, a completer, a broader view of the real world," she says. "And I would say generally more acceptance as to who people are, and what the real world is like."

Like his peer Sean Elliott, he is going for "what he feels is right for him." And that's something two single moms in Tucson can feel really good about. □

Alan Fischer, a UA journalism grad, owns *A and A Publishing*, which puts out "Southern Arizona Roadrunner" and "Arizona Cycling." A member of the Fair Wheel racing team, he has been racing bicycles for seventeen years.

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A13/8-88

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May 20, 1986

Sarah sleeps on her stomach, covered by a box-stitched, beige goose-down quilt, her arms fanning over plump pillows toward the mesquite headboard. She has a mother's acute hearing, but the only sound in her bedroom is her own rhythmic breathing. Her dogs, usually loud, territorial barkers, are quiet tonight, closed in a different room with a guest.

Meanwhile, the man has been prowling her house, poking through her cupboards, drinking from her refrigerator, gathering towels from her bathroom.... He has sat on couches and chairs, and sifted through her purse, examining her checkbook, touching her lipstick....

"Sarah," he rasps, pressing a gun to her right temple. "Do what I want you to do and I won't hurt you."

Sarah jolts awake. "Who the hell is this?" Then fear tumbles from her next thought. "I'm... not... going... to... do... anything... he... tells... me... to... do... very... well...."

She doesn't crack, Sarah is poised under pressure, her survival instincts hone in at lightning speed, trying to sort out what's going on. "Who the hell would do this to me?" She's unlisted. Still, this man calls her name.

Sarah.

Her memory flips through coworkers, acquaintances, recent encounters, strange faces.... The bedroom is pitch black, she can't see anything, she can just feel the flat nose of a small pistol pressing into the thin flesh protecting her brain. She thinks, "Oh, what a funny toy gun... oh, my god, it is *real*."

"Put your hands up over your head," he says.

Sarah begins lifting her arms... slowly. He already has pawed through drawers of clothing, hand-picked nice silk blouses and slashed them into a rainbow of ribbon ropes. The voice is scary, like gravel is loaded in his throat.

"Hurry up, get your arms up," he says urgently.

"I am hurrying," Sarah replies, moving deliberately slow. An internal determination already has begun. Within a minute of the gun touching her, Sarah was "scared angry." She thought of the movie when Steve McQueen was shot dead at the end — he said "shit, I'm dead." She would give this man enough power to insure her survival — she hoped — but emo-

tionally she kept it herself. And within five minutes, after he bound her wrists and feet with her own clothing and dragged her over to her bedroom fireplace, Sarah knew he was the Prime Time Rapist.

Brian Frederick Larriva, dubbed the Prime Time Rapist by press and police, was blamed for nearly thirty attacks and robberies against women

and their families over a three-year period in Tucson before he fatally shot himself on September 24, 1986, when police cornered him in his parents' backyard.

A pencil-thin cocaine addict who free-based in front of his victims, whose need for money became so desperate as his habit increased that police could predict when he would strike again from what he had robbed from his last appearance, he made Tucson realize no one is safe or immune. He gained his

nickname by psychologically overpowering whole households in their imagined sanctuary of home and family, sometimes while they were preparing dinner or were stretched out in easy chairs watching television sit-coms. He held them hostage and crushed their spirit with his pleasure: raping, robbing, humiliating his victims, spending hours and hours and hours terrorizing them.

He cowed a whole city by ripping our most sacred beliefs in safety and

EXCLUSIVE:
Survivors of the

PRIME TIME

*Rapist End
Three Years
of Silence*

*On September 24, 1986,
Brian Frederick Larriva — the Prime Time Rapist —
killed himself, ending a three-year rampage
of rape and terror that forever shattered our sense of
safety in Tucson.*

*He was blamed for nearly thirty attacks on women and
their families. His story ended with the bullet he fired into
his head, but his victims were left with busted lives, break-
downs and recurring horror. Three years later they are
still pasting their lives back together. They never have
talked publicly... until now.*

*The stories you are about to read contain graphic and offensive sexual
language and situations. They are true, except that the names and some details of
these survivors have been changed to protect their identities. The women read and
approved the stories, and felt strongly that the graphic descriptions were necessary
so that rape is never again "sanitized." If we are to deal as a community with
the reality of rape, we have to understand its nightmare and aftermath....*

By Laura Greenberg

rules. He raped wives while husbands were helpless, molested children while parents were powerless. "Prime Time" became anytime. Doors were latched, alarms installed, German Shepherds and Dobermans appeared in yards. The media kept the community on daily alert. Police chased down thousands of wrong alleys. Everyone had a suspect, a theory. Many knew a victim, often a wealthy, sheltered Foothills woman lulled into false security by walls, floodlights, alarms, guns, husband, class and innocence.

Larriva's story ended when he put a bullet in his head. Not so for his victims. Three years later, they are survivors, still pasting their lives back together. They were left with nervous breakdowns, busted relationships, constant anxiety, night terrors and a horror movie that keeps replaying. They tried to scrub him from their lives. Most moved and sold belongings; many left town.

The public never got to meet them. Out of respect for their private trauma, or a proprietary sense of authority, or protection from damaging exposure, the law and social programs closely sealed the identities and the lips of survivors.

Yet this is our only chance to meet people who have been murdered and survived. And only when we know in our guts that rape is the violence of murder; total dehumanization through sex, not a passing sexual desire... Only when we fully understand its aftermath and share its terror, then maybe as a community we will insist on more measures to prevent it. This is the hope of the victims.

In this spirit, we present the stories of two Prime Time survivors, from among several interviewed. They are long, they are ugly and they contain offensive scenes and language. But they also carry a message of hope: these women are survivors — they have looked their worst hell straight in the eye and come through it. Today, they can laugh again. We can all gain strength from the truth, right down to the final phone call from a cop to a victim the day Larriva shot himself. The call came from the morgue.

"Was he circumcised?" the cop had to know.

"I can say with certainty that he was not," the woman almost joked.

"Then I'm pretty sure we've got the right guy," the cop said.

If evil can announce itself, Sarah remembers two portents. Just a few hours before she was confronted by the rapist, she had ambled happily through her spacious Foothills rooms filled with the nonchalant security and confidence we feel in our homes. Singing in the shower, she scrubbed her shoulder-length dark brown hair, cleansing a long day.

May 1986 was drawing to a typical

finish. The evening temperature hovered in the low 80s, forecasting the sizzle of another desert summer. Pockets of warm air slid through dense mesquite, creosote and other desert shrubbery that shielded the house, already hidden in a ravine from the roar of traffic or the thud of joggers.

Divorced and in her forties, Sarah had a successful career that kept her in a constant embrace with the public: children, teenagers, adults, elders. Her mouth wore a 300-watt impish smile, her deep-set eyes reflected pools of autumn colors. Slim, short, attractive. She was a magnet; others were drawn to the fun that sparkled from her. A real earth mother.

Elizabeth, Sarah's daughter, visited in the early evening with her Great Dane Regis, who had left home with her for college. In the comfort of the kitchen, Elizabeth chugged juice from a fridge container while Sarah brewed herself one luxurious cup of fresh Sumatra coffee. Close, mother and daughter engaged in the giggles of good-natured gossiping, catching up on each other's lives. But Elizabeth had to get home — studying to do — and Sarah was exhausted from a day of talking, talking, talking with clients.

Still, some unspoken premonition hung as the conversation waned. Sarah says her daughter *lingered* and *lingered* and *lingered*... "gee, Mom, I really have to get going"... but she stayed long after she planned to leave. Finally, Sarah walked Elizabeth to her car, hugged her, petted Regis, and said goodnight. They both smiled.

Inside, a teenage girl visiting from out-of-state was involved in a TV drama. The girl had been staying in Elizabeth's old bedroom, near Sarah's, but tonight decided to sleep in the den across the house — something she had *not* done before. Sarah reminded her to keep the television down and the den door open to give her two dogs the run of the house. Usually, both dogs sleep in Sarah's room; the smaller mutt snuggles near her feet at the end of the bed.

But the girl forgot and kept the dogs in the den, far from Sarah's bedroom.

At 11 p.m., Sarah retired, wrapped in a favorite nightgown, the white of fresh snow. The burglar alarm, standard fixture of the Foothills, had been left off because of company drifting in and out of the house. This is a home of love and safekeeping.

Sarah's home has always been important to her. Orphaned at thirteen in the Midwest — her mother died from "female" complications, her father died three months later — she was reared by a wealthy aunt in the Tucson Foothills and never left. She lived there when she was married, and, after her divorce, she bought another home — one that wasn't layered with memories of her children and marriage.

She says, "Shortly after I bought it — something said 'seven years, seven

years' — would be how long I live here." That was in 1979.

The intruder is propped on the raised hearth of the fireplace in Sarah's bedroom. Sarah is crouched beneath him, bound hand and foot with her own blouses. A thick cotton towel is thrown over her head so she can't see.

"Suck my dick," he commands, an order he will issue at least four times that night. She does as she is told, choking when he ejaculates. Sarah is on red-alert. Her mind races, fear pulses. Beneath the towel the blacks in her autumn eyes are saucer-wide, scanning for light, searching for clues. Her pores are "screaming scared." Every moment is in slow, slow motion and BIG.

"Where is she?"

He has searched the girl's purse in Sarah's kitchen — the same way he learned Sarah's name, she surmises later — but couldn't find the sleeping teenager in his prowling.

Intuitively, Sarah becomes a "babbling idiot." She subconsciously thinks she can speed things up if she talks a lot. Her usual eloquent speech patterns, her soothing tones, are flat. She says *eee-ther*, when she normally would say *iii-ther*. "I didn't want him to see me as cultured, or intelligent, a good person at language. Instead, I decided, I wasn't very good at *anything*."

He tells her to shut up, but she continues non-stop. "This shouldn't be happening... I just don't think I can kneel anymore... my feet hurt... my arms hurt..." He is impatient, but doesn't retaliate. Her mind sorts out these signals, and she gains hope: *I can get away with certain things*.

But his "understanding" is short-lived. He flings her on his shoulder.

Later, she will recall it this way: "We sashayed right down the stairs, with the towel over my head as he carried me. I thought, 'My God, I'm a sack of potatoes'... he was very strong and that surprised me, but his swiftness and agility blew my mind... I touched Levis, ah, yes, he was dressed, he put on some pants... I thought, 'Oh, I could figure how tall he is now as I'm bouncing down the hallway,' but I was just aware of my arms dangling down and the sensation of being turned over. I had been sitting for soooo long, it was nice to get some circulation going in different parts of my body. And he put me down... we're just down the hallway to the den and then I thought, 'I've got to scream and yell and warn this young girl.'"

Sarah rains a thunderstorm of words before he gets to the den door: "Where am I... I can't see... my hair's in

my face... I'm upside down.... " It works. Inside the den, her dogs bark. The rapist decides against opening the door. Foiled, he tromps back to the bedroom with his "sack of potatoes."

From glimpses through the towel, she takes quick notes. He's emaciated, but quick and agile. Sarah later describes him as "a monstrous, lethal preying mantis, he was so thin, he moved like a stick without feet. I never saw his face unmasked."

She knows she's in for a long night — "a lifetime night." He dictates time, handing out equal doses of threats and demands for oral sex. Over and over he takes off his clothes, puts them on again. Back in position at the fireplace, he now has cocaine and all his paraphernalia. A pipe. Sarah sees shadows of flames through the towel, smells the odor, though she does not know what he is doing. Her head is pressed into him. He rapes her again... and again....

Recalling this almost three years later, Sarah is amazed at her thoughts under the circumstances. She pictures some smooth orating defense attorney in court holding her sexy nightie, *insinuating*.... She comforts herself, "Well, if that happens, I'll just tell them it wasn't my best one." The pure white nightie stays on all night. Dark humor escapes from her. "I guess he liked it."

But language can't express this experience. Will he ever let up? Sarah wonders. She is baffled by this man's ability to have a gun one moment, a knife the next, to appear to anticipate her thoughts. He is in and out of clothes, in and out of the room. When he is naked, his skin must have pockets. She never knows what he will do next; she can't gauge his silent moves. The hemorrhaging fear makes Sarah rational. Her neck is twisted in pain from being bent over his penis. Her mouth aches, her jaw is tight. She tries to peer from the towel.

"He had the gun... I couldn't really see it, but his hand rested on something, and then he started torching up, free-basing [cocaine]. The flame was terrifying, absolutely terrifying... that scared me shitless. It was huge... it was like the Bic, but it was a real torch. I don't know what freebasing is... I could just hear this torch and see the reflection of light coming and going, but I

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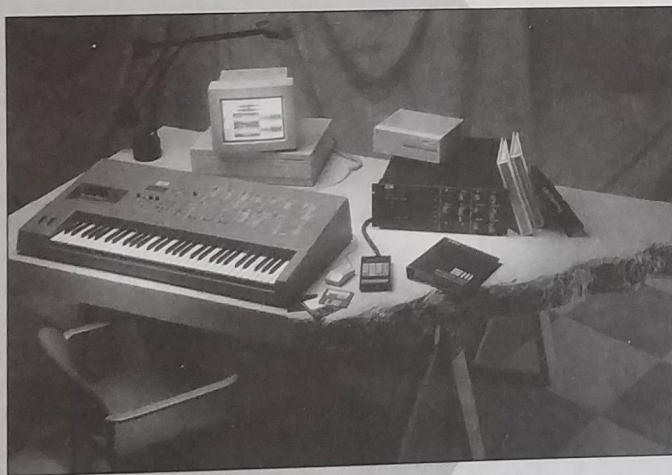
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could see nothing of him, except one thing and that was really scary... I realized his awesome *power*... I heard bubbles, what was this? Was it water? What's he doing and what is that rasping sound?" The thought coursed through her, would he set her on fire? All this happens while he plows his penis in and out of her mouth. She is coughing, he has become intolerable to her. Sarah can't go on with this.

He gives her a clue. "Some people can't do this."

She thinks, "My God! Do I have a choice?"

"So I decided at that point that I did," she explains later. "And so I changed my servicing... he had not let me move... It just blew me away. Obviously, because I know he's the Prime Time. The second he sat me down on the floor I said, 'Oh shit, I know who this man is.' I debated, god did I debate, whether I should say something about that, for most of the evening. What would he do, if he knew I knew who he was? And I just didn't try it... I didn't know if it would make his ego feel more important, or more powerful, or whether he would get mad. I couldn't read it, so I left it alone."

Between the rapes, he wanders around her home. Under the towel, a sickened Sarah hears his loud, Slap, Slap, Slap sound as he masturbates in front of her bedroom and bathroom mirrors, relieving himself all over her carpet. Time has no reference. He is so busy, between undressing and redressing, raping and masturbating, free-basing and drinking water. Sarah hears him ransacking her bureau. Pawing through her belongings, sticking his fingers into her life. The pinging sound of jewelry being dropped hangs in her ears. Enraged, she thinks, "I could kill him."

His smell, the burning drugs seeping from his skin, makes her want to throw up. She grasps at anything to hang on mentally... "I hadn't seen my hand in a long time because it was tied and my vision was so confined. I was so closed up, that's what I mean by [time being] slow-motion and so big, because I was smashed up against this person, just seeing this body, this flesh. And now I can see my *hand*. And it was... 'oh my god, I've got a hand... there I am' ... I wanted to say, 'Hi, hand'... and my hand was saying 'Hi, it's okay.' That was the only part of myself I could see... just bizarre... I remember starting to breathe, being aware of my breath. It was almost like that hand was saying, 'It's okay, we can touch and be okay through this ordeal.'"

Now he wants to lie down, and drags Sarah to her bed. As he begins to fondle her, she says, "No, don't touch me." The rapist sends out another clue. He stops, but pushes her toweled head back onto his lap. Sarah gags, peeks from her towel. He is in a reading position, propped up on pillows. She tries to case his body. Yes, skinny, long fin-

gers, wrists with no flesh, his hands are leather and his feet... they haven't been washed in a year. The foul grubbiness... Suddenly, he thrusts a glass of water to her, underneath the towel.

"Where did he get this?" Sarah wonders. Stunned, she thinks, "He's offering me a glass of water! I'M NOT GOING TO DRINK IT! I could dump it on him, I could spit it on him, what could I do with this water?" She fakes drinking, refusing to give him any more power. She hands him back the water. Confusion reigns in her head. "What's he doing, trying to be Mr. Nice Guy?"

The preying mantis leaps in and out of bed. He goes away for short spurts of time and Sarah never hears him. Sometimes she can see the ski mask covering his face. Sometimes he has his paraphernalia, his gun, his knife. He wears gloves, polka dot gloves. In the reflection of the torch they appear yellow with black dots, but Sarah isn't sure. You see those gloves in a 7-Eleven, she says later. Sarah still hates that.

His hands feel the mesquite headboard in a long, sensuous sweep and Sarah thinks: evidence, fingerprints. "He must have read my thoughts," she says, because then the gloves were on and slowly, smoothly, he caressed the headboard, rubbing away his prints.

Suddenly, with a new burst of energy he shoves pillows beneath Sarah's stomach and she knows what's next and she knows she will lose it. "I could barely tolerate him in my mouth, but to have that smell and that dirt and that angry, angry man in my vagina was hideous."

He mounts her from behind. "No," Sarah says, "No," over and over. He begins. NO! And strangely he obeys. "He let loose on the sheets and I was free, then he left me alone," Sarah recalls.

A long time passes but Sarah doesn't remember the sequence. She has a plan. Every membrane, every capillary, every muscle responds to an adrenaline surge. How can she inch over to the panic-alarm button just above the headboard, which would alert the police? She tries to slip across this soft ocean, so slow-ly. Now, he is dressed, in and out of the bedroom... playing peek-a-boo. Everytime a muscle contracts and she moves a millimeter, he reappears. She tells him that she hasn't slept in days, she *needs* sleep. She snores, feigns deep breathing... trying to cross that mile-long bed. It isn't working.

She asks to go to the bathroom. Riiiiiiiiiiiiii, the knife cuts through the sashes that bind her hands. She hops to the toilet. Sitting there, she realizes she'd have to curl into a snail to untie all the knots around her ankles. The towel hangs disheveled on her head. In a closet on a shelf — not handy enough — her six-shot .357 Magnum handgun is loaded with new bullets. Sarah grew up in Tucson, rode horses

to school, learned to shoot at an early age and isn't afraid to use a gun. But this man is soundless and Sarah never knows where he is; whether he can see her in the dark. The risk is too great.

She goes for the first plan. Hopping back to bed, she jumps up on the side near the alarm and the phone. He reappears instantly. Describing it later, Sarah mimics his action, like "Oh hi, just checking in," and then he's off again, first removing the phone from her reach. "He stacked pillows all around my head — so I couldn't see, I guess." During his meanderings, he finds her crimson flashlight and becomes obsessed with it, bouncing beams of light off the ceiling, the floor, the walls, his own body. Sarah is grateful: now she can follow his moves, detecting where he is from the beams. As he disappears in the shadows, her arm flies above her headboard and hits the panic button. The screaming noise brings him — furious — back to the room.

Sarah thinks he will kill her. She is already off the bed and standing near her sliding glass doors, "acting stupid," the towel sliding off her head, trying like mad to escape through the locked glass door. He's raging mad, holding the gun and flashlight. In a rampage, he's searching up and down the curtains to see how the alarm was set off. She tells him the alarm is attached to the phone, and that he set it off when he moved it. Sarah lights up, three years later, when she remembers that he bought it.

The noise is earsplitting. He demands to know where the security system is located. "Down the hallway," Sarah says, starting to hop, so, so, so slowly, trying to buy time until the cops come. In a purple rage, he hoists her over his shoulder and heads down the hall. The alarm yelps and yelps.

The towel is off Sarah's head. Strands of hair float across her face. At a bowlful of keys, she pushes and pokes through the metal, spotting the alarm key and concealing it. "I don't know how to turn it off," she says. He pushes her out of the way — "Let me look."

His anger gives him inordinate strength. Finally, he yanks out the whole damn alarm system, zillions of multi-colored spider-web wires vomiting from the wall. The noise stops dead.

The siren wailed for an eternity, but he makes no effort to leave. He sits her at her kitchen table. Behind Sarah, he begins lurking, a stick figure dipping and lunging in different directions. His knees buckle; his eyes dart. He skulks in circles. A parody of some bizarre movie that he was starring in, Sarah later says. All crouched over, look and lurk. He doesn't walk, he lurks. He is not real.

Daylight is breaking the horizon. He's rummaging through the refrigerator, drinking and drinking. His throat bothers him. He offers Sarah some juice.

"You drank all my juice," Sarah sulks. Actually her daughter had the night before.

"No, I didn't," he protests, offended that she would accuse him.

Sarah bores in. "Well I didn't drink any of it last night, *you* must have come in here..."

Bizarre, bizarre, Sarah thinks.

"It was just like two people arguing... I'm blaming him for drinking juice out of the refrigerator and he's like a kid telling me he didn't do it. Then he offers me water, almost like an apology, like 'gee, I didn't drink your juice, but do you want some water?' He didn't say that, he just handed it to me."

"You know, you *could* be a nice

person," Sarah says.

Silent, he stands behind her.

"What do we do now?" Sarah asks.

"We wait."

He sits down next to Sarah at her table, just "like we were supposed to have breakfast."

Like every woman in Tucson, Sarah had read the accounts of the rapist's previous attacks. They often ended in morning drives to the bank for drug money. Sarah realized it was bank time. The quiz came.

"How much money do you have in your bank account?"

"I don't know, but I have ten dollars in my purse."

"I need a lot more than that."

The sun is making its way up over the mountains. It's going to be a beautiful day, the sky will be the color of a robin's egg, the sun will blaze yellow as a ripe pineapple. Where are the cops?

In another part of the house, a door opens and slams loudly. The dogs amble out of the den, walking up the hallway, and he's on his way after the girl, nearly tripping over both mutts. The girl had escaped. As the little dog scurried out the dog door, the noise startled the attacker and brought him back to confront Sarah. Confused, he asks: "What was that noise?" Maybe the cops have arrived.

She holds him with nonsense and



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their dialogue continues. Then, "it was like he evaporated." Sarah can *feel* the house is empty. Cursing to herself, she can't untie her feet and hops out the back door into a flashlight beam, held by a bulky body. A sheriff's deputy. She hugs him. It had been a slow dispatch, but she's not sure how long. Twenty minutes, maybe? She thinks her alarm rang for at least ten. Their flashlight beams might have crossed, Sarah thinks, with the police in the front and him leaving through the side.

Sarah inquires about the girl. She's safe. Another deputy arrives about five minutes later and they secure the house. The three of them stay in the garage; Sarah leans on her car. Then she

realizes — No One Is Chasing That Man. She asks, "Why aren't you pursuing him?" Because they have to wait for the Prime Time Rapist Task Force to wake up and get over there. Sarah is ready to put on her tennis shoes and find him herself.

When the task force finally appears, the day is in full throttle. Birds chirp. Engines hum on the road. Upwardly mobile health freaks jog on the asphalt near her house. The sky is, yes, a robin's-egg blue. The rapist has disappeared. Sarah is out of her mind with exhaustion. Later she will receive a personal apology from Sheriff Clarence Dupnik about the way her case was handled.

They want to take her to St. Mary's Hospital. Sarah wants TMC, the hospital she knows. She loses her fight, ends up at St. Mary's — angry.

She says, "I understand the whole victim thing. You're so tired, you're so traumatized and here comes *real* authority, your helpers, your community helpers, and you say, 'Thank god, somebody else can take over now because I can't.'"

At St. Mary's, Sarah was examined from head to toe. A woman inserted a needle in her vein to draw blood and missed, sending red geysers all over the hospital gown. They pulled pubic hair; they pulled strands from her head. Later, they took her to the police station to fingerprint and question her, all routine procedures. She was half-asleep and ready to vomit — it was a constant struggle not to throw up — when they rolled her fingers in the ink.

When she re-entered her home, it had been destroyed. Black graphite had been used everywhere to lift evidence. The place resembled an abstract painting. Her sheets, blankets, pillowcases were gone. The police had treated the case like a homicide.

Eventually, months later, she went to claim her possessions. She wanted to dispose of them personally. At the police station they grudgingly handed her stuff over. When she got home and opened the package, she was amazed. The police had cut holes everywhere there had been semen. There was a huge hole in the front of her white nightie. Sarah was furious. She called: Why didn't *you* tell me this? Why? She felt victimized again. They answered: Most people don't want their stuff back.

Dec. 19, 1985

It's a favorite time of year for Jane. She has always made a big deal out of Christmas, and this will be her family's first celebration in their new rambling Santa Fe-style showpiece with fireplaces in every bedroom. Thousands of square feet tucked high in the Foothills. The American Dream is alive here, protected by a sophisticated security system.

The air is frigid outside on this Thursday night, but inside, Jane's home glows with warmth and festivity. Alex works in his den, not far from the family room. Jane makes sugar cookies from scratch, a Christmas ritual on a favorite night, when much of America is watching Bill Cosby, Family Ties... Right after dinner she put her baby to bed. Now, five-year-old Kimberly helps her mother clean up.

Three years later, Jane will laugh sarcastically at this recollection. "This would make a great movie."

Red bows decorate the walls and holiday poinsettias in small pots, hundreds of them it seems, dot the landscape of the house; leftovers from an office party.

Jane hears noise upstairs, but idly thinks a friend has stopped to visit Alex to discuss finishing touches still needed on their home. She is settled into a soft leather couch, wearing jeans, watching the Cosby show. Her reddish hair always looks perfect, it falls below her ears in waves. Jane's brown eyes are filled with pleasure; she's enjoying Cosby and the sight of Kimberly, just a few feet away at the counter, scraping the leftover dough from the bowl.

Then her vision shifts to the sight of a man holding a gun to her husband's head. The intruder is dressed in a camouflage jacket, jeans and tennis shoes. "I thought this was a big joke so I just looked away... His face was covered. He had on two bandanas covering his face and hair... except for his eyes."

Piercing blue eyes.

"I must have said something like, 'how cute.' Then Alex said, 'This is real.'" Her heart plummeted and she immediately looked toward Kimberly. "When you're a mother, your fear leaves for yourself and you fear for your children. I said, 'Kimberly, come here.'" The laugh-track on the Cosby show rolled on.

Sequences flutter in and out of order, but Jane remembers the man forcing Alex onto the floor near the couch; she thinks her husband's wrists were handcuffed. He forces Jane to lie on her stomach, face down on the soft leather couch, with Kimberly hugged tightly beneath her. A small silver pistol presses into the small of her back.

"I will *kill* you," he says matter-of-factly.

"I won't do *anything*," Jane answers fearfully.

Kimberly is buried beneath the safety of her mother. Jane later remembers thinking, "If he did shoot, I hoped the bullet would go through me but wouldn't get to her. I could feel her little heart just beating so fast. To this day I don't know what went through her head."

From a guest room, the man takes pillowcases and places them over their heads. "He had us face down... He said, 'Don't look at me.' So you're terrified and you have your head smothered into the pillow... I couldn't breathe, so finally I asked, 'Can I turn my head a little bit?'"

"Yes, that's okay."

Jane's eyes are squeezed closed, she is scared to death and she doesn't dare look for fear he'll think she saw him. She tells Kimberly, "Honey, keep your eyes closed."

Jane hears her husband say, "Why are you putting those in?" Later she learns the man was shoving plugs into Alex's ears. He slashed a curtain cord to bind Alex's feet.

Her heart quivering, Jane tries to reassure herself. "All he's going to do is rob us. He will rob us and leave."

Cosby is still on television, that's how Jane judges time. Then she hears Family Ties. The Hill Street Blues epi-



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sode is about rape....

He lets mother and daughter sit up. Jane can see nothing through the pillowcase. Kimberly seems to have fallen asleep — a thought that becomes ridiculous in recollection. He guides Jane as she tucks her daughter into bed, then the baby begins to cry and Jane asks permission to tend to her. The pillowcase comes off and he's behind her with the gun pressed into her back again, as she changes diapers.

"I Am Now In Charge Here — This Is My House And You Will Do What I Tell You," the voice says. It is raspy, unreal, disguised.

A brutal slap of reality stings her. They are in *deep* trouble. But quickly her mind counters that both her children are safe in their beds. For Jane, bed has always represented safety and security... a harbor from the rest of the world.

She explains today, in recollection: "You're not participating. You don't deal with it until it's all over. When it actually happens, someone else is going through it. I stepped out of my body... it was like I was watching someone else."

Back in the family room, he commands her to make coffee. She hears him shuffling through their belongings. He periodically sneaks outside through a sliding glass door. Does he have an accomplice, Jane wonders? She thinks: there goes the china, there goes the stereo....

But when this is over, nothing was missing except for jewelry. Probably, the Prime Time Rapist politely slipped outside to do drugs.

He insists on fresh-brewed coffee, standing behind her while it spills everywhere, the pillowcase blocking her vision — and fondles her. She shuts out the sexual outrage... her mind is keeping her sane in an insane situation, because right after he told her I Am In Control Here And You Will Do Whatever I Say, the subtle process of brainwashing began.

"My brain kicked off, and all of a sudden I knew I was going to do whatever he said and it didn't matter what he told me to do *because that gun is real and that gun is going to kill me if I don't do what he says.*

"I just thought of me and my two little girls and I knew where they were and that they were safe."

At home in Jane and Alex's dream house, he pours his own coffee and wanders in and out of the family room. Jane is back on the couch.

She still thinks, "He will just rob us and leave."

He reassures her. "I'm not going to rape you." First warning.

"I never said anything. When he spoke to me, I was very polite. At that time, his voice, it was disguised and it was scary... he did it on purpose. Later, every once in a while his real voice would slip out when he was telling a story. He talked, he talked a whole lot — they were all lies... At that time I

believed they were real."

She has forgotten the order of events, but remembers details.

He demands money. He talks to Jane, never directly to Alex. "Where do you keep your bank records?"

Jane is crying. "I don't know." Alex is the caretaker of their finances; Jane handles her own money. She asks her husband, but Alex is silent on the floor, his ears plugged, unable to hear.

"Alex," Jane screams, "where is this stuff? You *have* to tell me!"

"They're in my den," he manages.

Marching Jane upstairs, the intruder watches while she searches and locates "bank stuff." Afraid, her hands shake. She can't find any bottom-line

figures and handing over the papers, she tells him "this is all we have." Angry now, back in the family room, he makes it simple: "You've got to come up with \$50,000 by morning."

Jane thinks, "We're dead. We don't have \$50,000... maybe my family can help...." A bizarre negotiation settles it; Alex and the captor agree on \$25,000. That determined, his mind switches to other things.

"Where do you keep your Band-aids?" he asks casually, a ploy to get Jane in her bedroom.

Considering this later, Jane is sure he had already cased their home and knew where the Band-aids were stored. With the pillowcase still on, they go

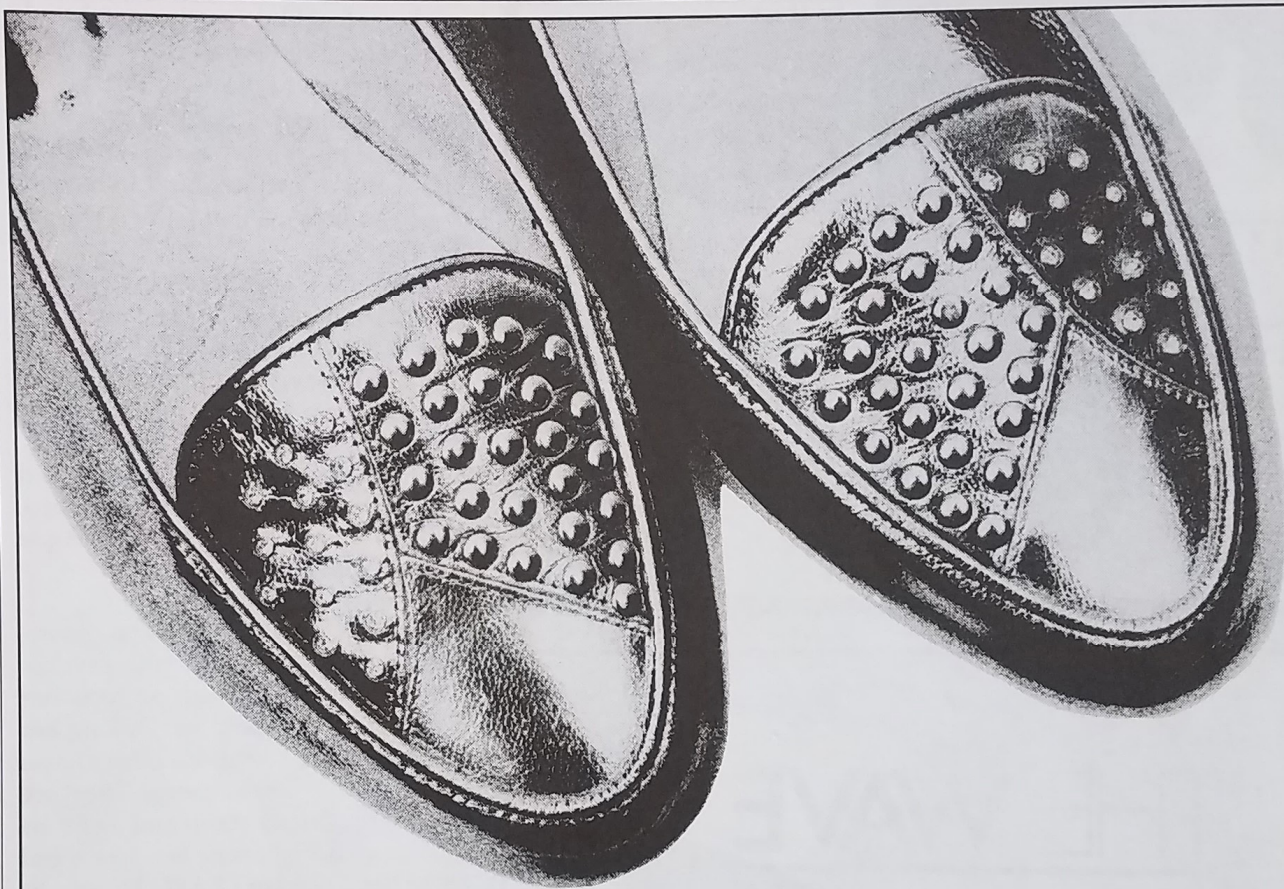
into the master bedroom. She hands him a Bandaid, but he doesn't take it.

"I'm still not thinking... I'm not really thinking anything is *wrong* here."

"Take your clothes off."

"Now I'm thinking. 'Ohhh, I'm going to be raped.' My fears are now realized and I know I have to tell him, 'I'm having my period.'" He's silent. Jane adds, "My survival instincts took over and I removed my tampon, hoping to minimize any physical damage."

Three years later, sipping a scotch and water, Jane remembers, "This is probably the worst part... he told me to kneel down... he's standing behind me... and he's fondling... playing with me a little bit. He backed away and sits



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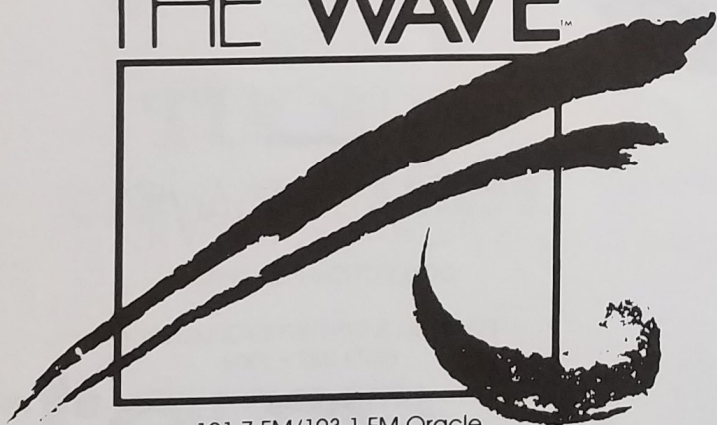
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on the bed... I don't know what words he used. 'Suck IT'? He unzipped his pants. At this point, my mind doesn't think about what I was doing and that's why, I think, later, I'm having a harder time. I was doing something he was telling me to do and at the time it wasn't so bad. Now when I think back, it was awful... you always think it's longer than it was, but it was quite a long time." Jane shut her eyes and did what she was told.

He had dropped the gun to the side of the bed.

Later, Jane says, "If it had been intercourse, it would be more like I was being *raped* like you hear about. To lay on a bed and be raped is something you're not a part of, but what he did, made me feel like a participant. I could have said 'No, I won't do that.' But I knew that he had a gun, he had my family! Looking at it logically, I obviously had no choice. Basically, it was do or die. But in a strange and unrealistic way it bothers me that I didn't just say 'No.'"

He can't ejaculate. Instead, he shoves the barrel of the pistol up Jane's vagina, saying, "If you don't continue to do what I say, I'll fire this gun." Then he shows her her own blood on the weapon to seal the message in terror.

That was the reason Jane glossed over identifying the gun for the cops. She has told one, maybe two people what he did.

She never told her husband.

To Jane, she is watching a movie, someone else is starring in this psychopathic drama. The brain protects her from her catastrophic fear, telling her this man is her friend. He even allows her to put on sweat pants. They are back in the family room and again he tells Jane he won't rape her. Her mind tricks her. "This isn't RAPE. He said he wasn't going to rape me, so this isn't rape. What he's done to me has nothing to do with sex... I had an active sex life so I didn't consider this bad...."

Later, after months of adding up the details, she can't stand him. Two years, three years later, her fury mounts. She *hates* him. She also knows now that he did something to her daughter.

He allows her to go into the bathroom to put in a tampon. Back on the couch, a very nervous Jane thinks, "We just have to get through this, we just have to get through this."

"Then, he plops himself up on the couch and I hear his pants unzip. 'You're going to do it again,' he says. Now, Alex is sitting right there, bound and blindfolded. I'm not thinking this then ... but this is his stimulus... this is more exciting, having the husband sitting there, so I'm doing it again and he comes this time and it was awful... He was overflowing and I'm taking it out of my mouth and I thought enough to wipe it underneath — at that point I'm not really thinking 'this is evidence,' but I kinda was — because that was the first thing I told the cops: 'There is

semen underneath the cushion of our couch.'"

He says, that's it, he won't touch Jane anymore.

It is about 10:30 p.m.

Alex is still on the floor, but is soon allowed to sit on the couch with Jane. Throughout the night, the rapist and Jane will talk and bond... they're becoming "friends." Alex and Jane both feel sorry for him. Larriva, his voice often slipping into his normal tone, spins yards of "poor-me" lies: His wife has left him and stolen his children and he needs money to get them back. Jane feels so sorry for him she is ready to donate some of her children's clothing and toys to this man, their "friend...."

No matter that his gun was with him every moment.

He allows her favors. She could push the pillowcase above her nose so she could breathe easier. He tells Alex what a nice wife he has. He talks, he rambles relentlessly, feeding them tall tales. But he never stays in the room long; he disappears, reappears, at random. On TV, the announcer says it's one a.m., and the news is replayed. Jane had never known that before. She wonders when this will end? He says, "Do you want a coke?" She thinks he says, "Are you cold?" and answers yes, she is a little cold. He brings her a kingsize comforter, and Jane has to be grateful beneath this sweatbox.

His bandanas are always on, but they don't cover his striking blue eyes. She never forgets the color, even when pressed by the cops. "Are you sure they aren't brown, Jane?" She was sure. Even when other people described them as brown. [Later, when Larriva dies, the cops report he has hazel eyes. They speculate that the blue bandanas so close to his eyes tinted them.]

Could she talk to Alex, Jane asked? Their friend said sure.

"How the hell are we going to get this money?"

Alex had worked out a plan. He would call the bank and tell them he needed the money for Christmas bonuses for the office and they would take it out of the office account.

Jane thought, "Perfect."

Now she could relax a bit. This strange man... he jabbered... those tear-jerker stories... becoming more familiar... Jane thinks they dozed, off and on for two or three hours.

The December sun is up, it's maybe 7 a.m.? The warmth of the night before has turned into a morning chill. No one would answer a phone at the bank until nine a.m. In the master bedroom, Alex shaves and Jane changes into clean clothes. She has no idea when the rapist went into Kimberly's room... there were so *many* opportunities. He was, after all, in charge of the house.

She tells him that she has to get her girls up, and he lets her go by herself. Now, she says, she could have slipped out of the bedroom window. But... he had a gun... he had Alex. She fabricated

a story for Kimberly: "That man who was here last night, it's just a joke, he's really a friend."

Jane later explains, "At this point I didn't know that he had done anything to her. It had to be confusing for her. This is one reason why I got so upset later. I'm lying to her and she knew. What's going through her mind? You can't know. I'm telling her, 'He's a good friend of daddy's and he just needs some help and we're going to go to the bank.'"

Jane never cooks breakfast, her children usually eat cereal. This morning she fixes scrambled eggs, toast and juice for a rapist, the most she can manage. The baby is in her highchair, Kimberly is at the table. The television is on. The pillowcases are off. He still wears the bandanas — blue bandanas. And Everything Appears Normal.

Jane tells Kimberly she won't be going to kindergarten today, which saddens her. It's the last day of school and she will miss her first Christmas party there. The phone rings, the first call since he came at 7 the evening before — she thought he'd cut their phone lines. It is the school wondering where Kimberly was. They both pick up the phone at the same time. Jane says, "She's sick," and hangs up fast.

Her baby toddles over and says, "I found this." An unsmoked cigarette. Evidence. But it doesn't occur to Jane; she quickly hands it to him — "Oh, here, you must have dropped a cigarette."

"If I was fearful, I would have thought, 'Oh quick, hide that.' And there were so many opportunities... There was only one time, he was kind of sitting someplace and I walked around a corner and he had the gun, and he... pointed it at me and I said, 'Oh my god, you scared me!' and it was like I would say to anyone... He said, 'Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you, but I was nervous.'"

"I'm changing the baby on her table and the girls' bathroom connects their bedroom and he's in their bathroom disguising himself with make-up. And I'm not looking, but Kimberly is just standing there looking at everything... and later I remember asking her 'what do you remember?' And I was thinking I shouldn't really be involving her, but she did help a little bit."

Alex drives his new sports car to the First Interstate Bank at Speedway and Stone while Larriva drives the family car, a Jeep Wagoneer, with the girls in the back seat and Jane in the front. The rapist tapes cotton balls over Jane's eyes, but she can still see peripherally. He stops near the park across the street. He told Alex he had twenty minutes... Kimberly is playing a game, she's trying to figure out how to make the number four, and Larriva gives her help. Jane tells him she's afraid, she doesn't like the neighborhood; drunks

and disheveled transients carrying paper sacks frighten her.

He reassures her. "You have nothing to be afraid of. As long as you're with me, I'll protect you."

"It was so weird," Jane recalls later. "I really felt safe with him..." Alex drives up, gives Larriva \$25,000, and, Jane thinks, shakes his hand and thanks him. Larriva takes off in the sports car and Alex drives the Jeep home with his family. The cotton balls off, Jane hysterical, she notices Larriva next to them, motioning to pull over.

"I just started crying... 'Oh, my god, he's going to shoot us. He's got his money, all four of us are dead.'"

They pull in side by side in the

Tucson General Hospital parking lot. The rapist opens the back door, right where the baby is sitting. Jane is reeling, she thinks he will shoot her baby first.

He is collecting his belongings left in a pillowcase in the back seat....

"If only we had driven right to the cops..." Jane later laments.

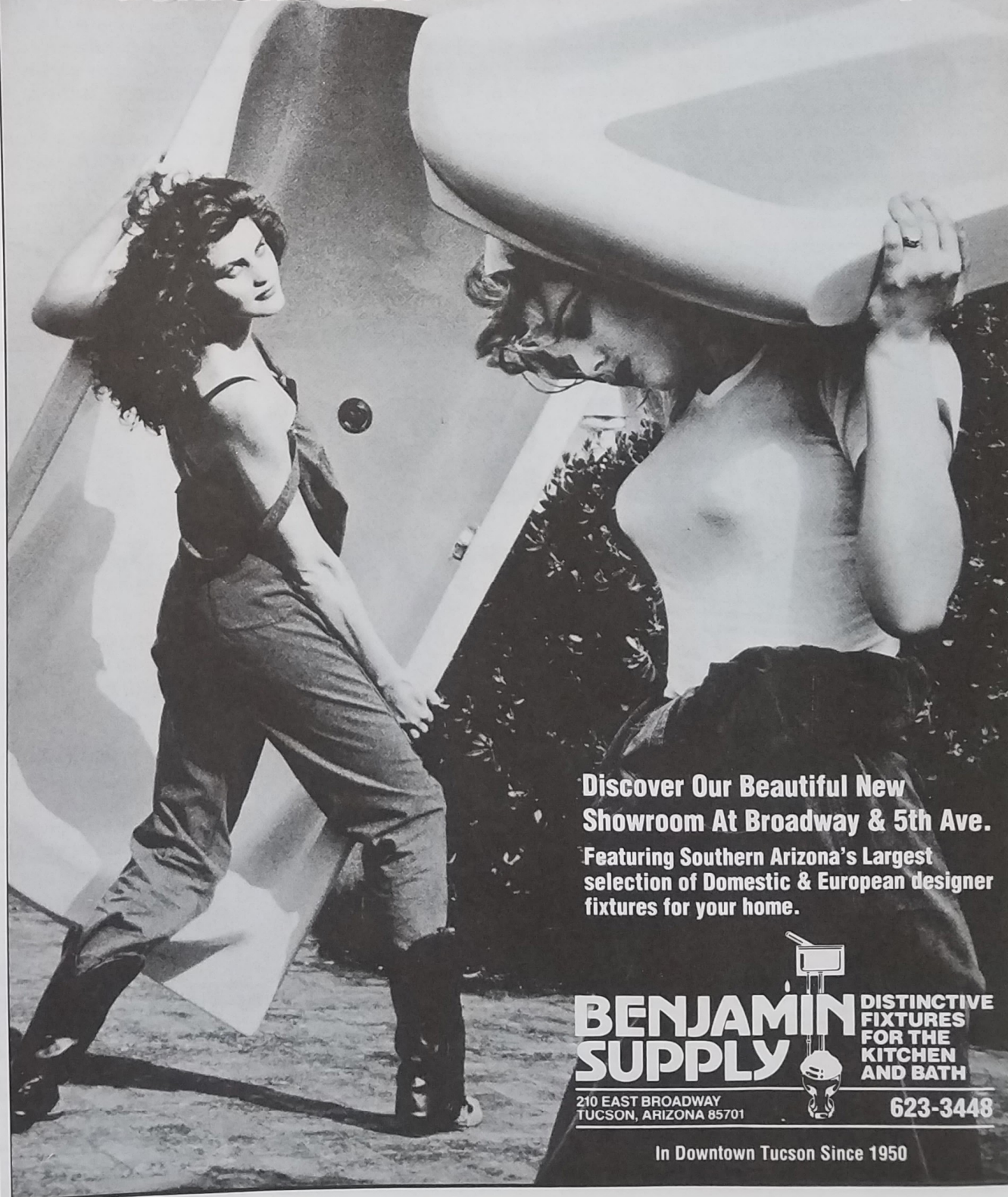
He grabs his stuff, the evidence, and speeds away.

Later, back at Jane and Alex's house, the phone rings. A family member answers it. The voice says, "Is Jane there?" The reply, to protect her, is "no." The voice continues: "This is Jane's friend. Tell her the car is parked at Tucson General Hospital."

January 1989

It has been three years since Sarah survived six hours in the clutches of the "preying man-tis." Tonight dinner is Chinese takeout: egg foo yong, chicken in garlic. Dessert is demitasse cups filled with hazelnut coffee and real cream with a shot of Kahlua. Sarah's connected kitchen and family room brim with toys, rocks, Southwestern ornaments and rare Kachina dolls bought by her grandfather in the '20s. Creamy leather furniture fills a corner in her living room and tapes are stacked in disordered piles near her stereo. It's a wide-open room, just like Sarah. A place that children would

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There are no memories of her rap-ist here. Sarah wears a long skirt and a white sweater sprayed with small red hearts. She wraps her hands around the warmth of the small cup. Conjuring him up is never easy, but there is no malice in her voice. Her speech is the-atrial, her fingers fly to her mouth when she discusses the rape — and stay there.

Across town, Jane now lives in a small two-bedroom apartment on the East Side with her two daughters. She and Alex have decided on a trial sepa-ration. She says some people get closer from a catastrophe and others drift apart, but she's not entirely sure that night was the catalyst for them. She does know she couldn't stay in that house. The dream home is up for sale and maybe after it sells there will be a chance for their marriage. This week-end, her daughters are off skiing with their father in Northern Arizona and it's free-time for Jane, who munches on sausage pizza and drinks scotch and water. Her long legs are curled beneath her and she's already changed from her conservative work clothes into a peach-toned sweat outfit. Jane keeps the TV on; she likes background noise. An anchorwoman discusses the latest news of a current serial rapist. Jane glares back. "I wish he would come get me now. I'm ready for him."

Her living room is immaculate — a hard feat with two youngsters. A plush white cushioned couch from Contents rests beneath a Barbara Smith watercolor in a mauve plexiglass frame.

Three years later, Sarah and Jane both can laugh about Larriva, though their faces become etched with pain, anger and confusion. They slide into second person, distancing themselves. They try to soothe a nightmare.

Sarah and Jane both want to edu-cate the public about rape, about pro-protecting ourselves in a world where violence has become a drug. Neighborly kindness has given way to Neigh-borhood Watch.

Sarah constantly interrupts herself with her own laughter. She doesn't remember the exact date of Larriva's appearance in her life and tosses it off — she's not an anniversary person — "I barely remember yesterday's date." Sarah felt no haunting guilt that she was responsible; she was angry the moment she realized there was a gun at her head.

Their stories share some similari-ties, many differences. Sarah felt the cops mangled her case; Jane became good friends with some of the police on the task force.

When Jane first told her story to the cops, she barely revealed anything. Her attitude was, "Hey look, I was lucky. I was thankful to this guy. I liked this guy. He took care of me... He was pro-

tecting me in the end.... I don't want to prosecute him. If you ever catch him, I probably won't go to court because he didn't hurt me..."

Authorities are used to this. It wasn't until she found out that he had visited her child's room that her mind began changing. First intense dislike, then a feverish hate took over. "He was different then," she says, comparing her experience to that of Sarah's, who was attacked five months later. The two women have become friends. In the attack at Jane's house, "He was cunning and skilled.... This was before the inten-sity of the drugs." Jane's family lived in a hostage situation — police now hand-cuff some victims upon release because they've transferred loyalty to their captor. Remember Patty Hearst?

Jane says, "I think that's more where our case comes in... more like a hostage situation. It's really different. You are at the mercy of this man and once you get over the terrifying effect that he hasn't killed you so far and you're doing something *right*, you're going to keep on doing what you're doing, and as long as he likes you he probably won't kill you."

Jane and Alex first fled to a neigh-bor's home and called police. Jane re-calls how people treated her. "I remem-ber the doorbell ringing and there was a flower delivery and I thought, 'What is this for?' And then it would be bal-loons, and then people started sending up casseroles. It reminded me — I've

died, but I'm still alive. It was like liv-ing through my own death. People treated it that way. Condolence let-ters...." She laughs that some were so well written she saved them for when someone really died.

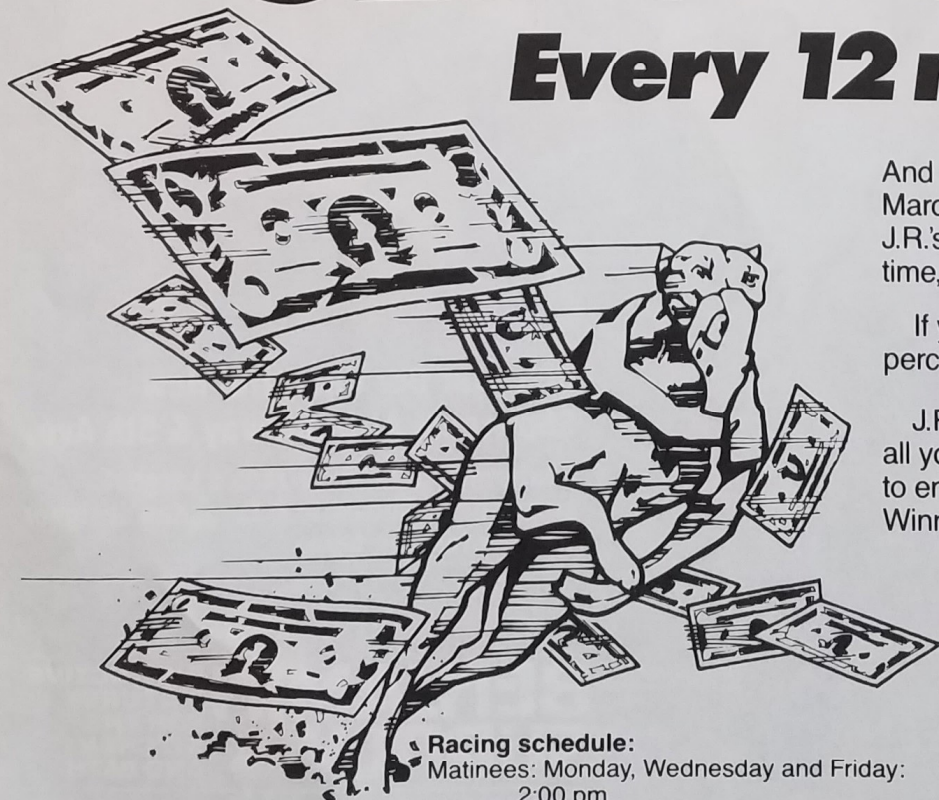
"It was people showing their sym-path... I didn't realize what was going on around me. Even though I had just been through this, it wasn't really *me*, it was like what you would read in the paper... I remember Christmas Eve vaguely — my doctor prescribed sleep-ing pills and tranquilizers.... By 8 p.m. I was walking around real weird." She spent Christmas Day holed up in her bedroom, unable to face people. "And different days went by, I don't know where the breaking points would be... You finally realize that there is some-thing wrong. Each day was different."

Some days when she loads up her coffemaker, a new Krups, old memo-ries well inside. The night of the attack, the rape started at the coffemaker. The old Mr. Coffee was replaced immedi-ately. Three days after the incident, Alex and Jane were in Copenhagen picking out a new couch. They bought one that was almost identical to the one that had semen stains.

Sarah remains acutely sensitive to strange noises and sleeps more lightly than before Larriva tore into her life. "I feel this man put himself in my cells," Sarah says, "and the hardest thing... is trying to get him off and out of me." He

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was on her body for four, five, six hours. "My body is my treasure-house and where I live."

She took scalding showers over and over, long ones. "I had heard raped women wash themselves until their skin is raw; I was overwhelmed with feelings, why women do this. YOU CANNOT WASH YOURSELF CLEAN ENOUGH! YOU CANNOT GET CLEAN ENOUGH!"

"Dirt washing dirt," Sarah says, "doesn't work."

Her children moved in with her, at their insistence. They protected their mother. The earth mother told them — always she had been *their* protector — she could handle it. Regis, the faithful guard dog, came back, and stayed.

She even felt betrayed by her house. "How could this beautiful house do this? I think that is what we think of homes, that they take care of you." Safety was gone for Sarah, and though she felt warmer from the caring of her children and close friends, no one could dent her emotional shield. For days she lived in a paralysis of nausea, wanting to vomit all the time. Memories stalked her; details pierced her thoughts. The police had overlooked a handful of clogged cocaine smoking filters on Sarah's bedside table. Sarah found Larriva's change of clothes in her garage. Everytime she walked around her house, she wondered which chair he had sat in. Looking into her refrigerator was unbearable.

Sarah describes it as "a silent experience, a baby experience, going through trauma. You can say, 'What is wrong?' And the baby will only cry." During the day, she wept and wept.

Yet, Sarah also found a reaffirmation of life in the things she used to take for granted. The day after Larriva charred her existence, she woke up to the sound of birds chirping. The last thing before that was a gun pressed to her skull. Lying on her bed listening to the birds, she exclaimed out loud, "Thank God, I'm alive," thinking, "I am alive, I love birds, I love birds." Out loud again, she kept repeating, "I love birds, I love birds." Recounting, she bursts into giggles and explains: "Whhheeww, I really like birds, but that morning... I Loved Birds."

Many months earlier Sarah had committed to a business-related conference in the East and went despite her troubles. She was told by people who had never met her before that she looked like death. Horrified, Sarah realized the impact of the power of that man. People shied away from her, they were no longer attracted to this "fun" person. "They didn't go out of their way to walk around me, but I felt they would like to," she says. Her 300-watt impish smile had burned out. She felt she had died. She was alienated from the world, and it showed.

She received a call from home and recognized urgent concern in Elizabeth's voice. Someone had violated her

home again and her housesitters moved out with her two dogs, and the police settled in for a couple of days. Sarah believed Larriva probably came back. After all, she was the only one who had challenged him by pulling the alarm. Now she felt she couldn't return there.

"I have no home," she cried. The memories of being orphaned, feeling homeless as a teenager, added to the intensity.

Sarah was on the verge of a breakdown.

In her hotel room, she was racked by primal sobs, trying not to let others hear her. "I've had some long cries in my life, but this was out of some play,

maybe Lady MacBeth — all that killing, 'she couldn't get the blood off of her hands,' this moaning, being torn apart, psychologically and spiritually."

Finally two kind-spirited friends from the conference came, knowing there was something seriously wrong.

"I can't go home," Sarah wailed.

They listened; Sarah rambled. "I could hardly talk, it was a jumble. They held me. I felt empowered by their caring." In terms of recovery, this was a turning point. She was alone, away from friends and family, and yet, these people turned out to be among her great supporters.

When Sarah's children picked her up at the airport, they told her she was

not going back to that house. She stayed with her daughter, then moved into an apartment. She began designing a new, safe castle in her mind.

Jane listened to different advice. "One of the things people tell you to do, *everyone* told us, don't let this guy ruin your life, don't move out of your house, don't change anything — so we didn't. But you can say that, but inside something's going on and he *did* ruin our life. You can't go through something like that and not have it change your life." Finally it overtook her... she hated her bedroom, she hated the family room — once her favorite places. She hated the house. She bought another couch in a

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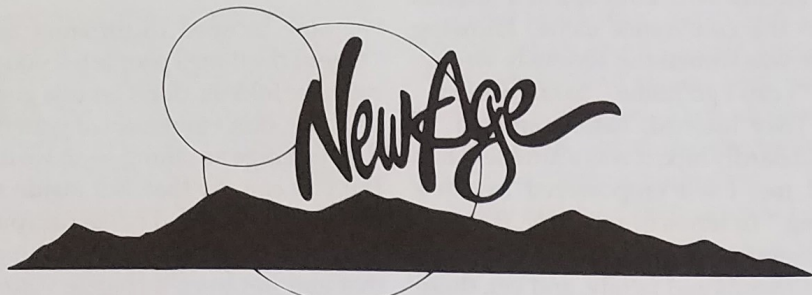


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different color. Nothing worked. She moved out.

It wasn't for many days that Jane discovered Larriva had been in Kimberly's room. "To this day, I don't know what he did to her, no one knows. She refused to ever talk. They [social workers] bribed her and got a little out of her... I didn't want to know. Kimberly and I refer to him as The Bad Man That Came To Our House. I think at five years old, you *don't* know... I think she's okay... I don't believe in psychiatrists... it would cause more problems.

"But I know he did do something to her. What bothers me most about that is that it never even *occurred* to me that he could have done something to her. And in the same vein I think that's the way Alex was, it never *occurred* to him that he would have done something to me. People just can't believe that these kinds of things happen to them. Alex and I couldn't believe they were happening to us.

"It changes your life," Jane continues, than laughs at an old memory. "I was so naive, I was about twenty-seven and living in my little apartment and in my bed especially. And one night a cockroach climbed in my bed. I was terrified. This was the first time I had ever even seen a cockroach, that's how sheltered I was. I screamed and I yelled and got out of my bed at 2 a.m. And I went over to my boyfriend's house, who was later my husband... and I said, 'I'm not going back there, Alex, I'm not going back to that place, there is a bug in my house. And it got in my bed. *My bed.*' I called the manager and said, 'You get in there and you find that thing... I shut the door and put a towel around it, that bug is not getting out and you're going to get it.' And I had felt so safe and secure, I mean that cockroach was the first thing that made me not safe.

"So then, here years later, I'm in this million-dollar home with a security system and a husband and two little girls, everything is perfect. And this man comes into my house, that is secure, that is in the nicest neighborhood... This man comes in and *did* this to me. That is what changes your life. Finally you have to admit that you can't be naive anymore, the world is shitty... this stuff happens. When I was a kid, and living on the Northwest Side, I used to ride the bus downtown to the Fox Theatre, or to El Con. There is no way you're going to allow your children to do that now. You'd never see them again." Generations of Jane's family are rooted in Tucson.

Sarah said the experience taught her that we are all one-hundred percent responsible for our own lives. "We can't depend on others to help us. Support, yes, but even paid, trained professionals can do very little."

She did all the "normal" things survivors of rape do: she scrubbed her carpet, then had it professionally cleaned. When she was living in her

home, she slept in another bedroom. Attending the Rape Crisis Center, she saw one counselor twice, who was helpful, but who left town. Sarah feels their attitude was that the Prime Time Rapist had been given *too* much attention — after all, there were other rapes occurring in the city.

Always gregarious, the first one to laugh, the first to make you laugh, she subconsciously toned her expressions down until she displayed the emotions of a thin personality. Evenings she wrapped her body in layers of warm clothing, protecting her treasure-house. And when strangers stood too close, her hairs stood on end.... Everytime she looked at a man, she sized him up as a rapist. She would think: Can he rape me? The answer was always yes. Any man could rape her who really wanted to.

"That scared the hell out of me."

Once she attended the wedding of a close friend, a woman psychologist who had professionally counseled many rapists in prison. Sarah had a hard time with that. In a pew during a rehearsal, she was chatting with the minister and scooted up to talk to him — then went into panic. "I'm too close," the thought came. Fear needled through her, but how could she back off gracefully? On impulse, she said, "Oh, I'm so close to you that I can't really see you." He didn't react. She moved away eight inches. "God, even a *minister*, and I was afraid." Today, she no longer compares men to Larriva, but it took a while.

Before, in her old home, Sarah would stare down over the flickering city lights and think, "He can come here anytime he wants to. And he knows where I am." There wasn't a day that passed, while he was alive, that she didn't feel that he could come back and kill her.

The front of her new house is a fortress, with no windows. A huge front door that opens to a courtyard is locked tight and if anyone tries to scale the wall they'll be shredded by cactus. There are few doors, an inconvenience to friends, but she doesn't care. In the back are enormous floor-to-ceiling double windows, several inches thick. But Sarah says, "I realize that there is nothing I can do to stop someone from breaking in if they really want to. And if there is more than one person, they'd take me again. [But] I don't think it will ever happen again. I am keenly aware of my own safety."

One night, after Larriva killed himself, she heard a toilet flush in another bedroom, across her house. She got her gun, now a .38 caliber revolver, always near. She thought he was back — or his cousin — and it took all her strength to walk across her house and into the bathroom. The toilet had broken....

Sarah's alarm system is always set. When she comes home, she can tell before entering if someone has been there. Outside floodlights turn on when

dusk arrives, lighting the yard like a football stadium. But she can joke about it, and has considered putting up signs: "If you're going to take anything, get rid of what I don't want... the refrigerator, my old dryer, the VCR, I never use it anyway... the television... great, you can have it!"

A year after Larriva, Sarah saw some of the friends from the conference. They all remarked — god, your jaw looks so relaxed, your face is so much younger.

Jane postponed her breakdown for almost three years. The first year was okay... she was blocking everything out; not dealing with anything right away. She didn't want to admit that Larriva had ruined her life. For a while after the attack, Alex hired police to guard the house while they slept. She became friendly with members of the task force — helping them out when she could. She went with the police looking for paisley bandanas at Bob's Bargain Barn. She shopped K-Mart searching for the kind of tennis shoes he wore...

Then suddenly everything crashed and she almost fell apart. She went through counseling with Alex and alone, and battled the horrid memories of the night that kept reoccurring. Jane wonders if she'll ever have a normal Christmas again. It would be different if it had been in August. But Christmas 1988 was the worst, because she had blocked out so much.

Jane has always feared guns. She and Alex bought trained guard dogs instead. While Jane glares at a rape story on TV, she concedes, "I don't know that I ever could kill anybody.... If I'm raped again, the ultimate thing to do is to poke their eyes out.... I don't even know if I could do that. I don't know if I could ever do anything to anybody else." But she has a can of Mace attached to her keys, and is on guard whenever she's out of the house.

Sarah gets angry when she reads about rape. "Articles are written that men get raped too, in jail, and isn't that sad?" She blasts, "Well, who the hell rapes them? MEN. Women don't rape other women and women don't rape men. You don't hear about women rapists."

"The experts say that rape is not an act of sex. It sure as hell is."

Jane takes issue with the way rape is defined.

"Supposedly, I was not raped, we did not have sexual intercourse. This upsets me because there seems to be this common misconception about rapists and what they do. Just because you're not shot, beat up, or hurt doesn't mean you weren't raped. Sexual intercourse has nothing to do with it. The violation and terror are what it's about. They are the same whether his weapon is used or he just threatens with it."

The line between rape and sex is one word: consent.

Jane says, "Alex didn't really un-

derstand what happened to me, no one does unless it happens to them." Sarah's two male friends, close friends, couldn't talk to her about her rape.

While Larriva was alive and still out terrorizing the city, every store the women entered had a police artist's rendering of the Prime Time Rapist's face on a poster. Sarah was saved by her sense of humor — seeing him at the post office, she would look at the poster and say, "Oh, Hi." It was her secret: I know you exist, and I can live with that. Today, whenever Jane sees a wanted poster, Larriva's face automatically replaces the one on it.

Both women are angry that the Tucson area is divided in jurisdiction between the city police and the county sheriff. They believe the division — and perhaps competition — is unfair to citizens who are prey to criminals that don't worry about municipal boundaries. Jane feels it was only after Alex applied heavy pressure that the Prime Time Task Force was created by Sheriff Dupnik and Tucson Police Chief Peter Ronstadt on March 29, 1986. She would like to see one permanently created and both departments working together. Yet, this still didn't help at Sarah's home, where officers responding to her alarm said they had to wait for the task force to arrive. Right after her experience, within the week, Sarah contacted the Neighborhood Watch group, setting up a Foothills meeting. Jane joined a victims' advocate group. "How can we get people angry enough to effect a change, to make our community a safer place to live?" they both ask.

When Larriva, 35, a heating and air conditioning worker who had served prison terms for theft and burglary, met surrounding officers in his parents' backyard, he shot himself in the head with an automatic pistol.

That day, Jane picked her daughter up from school and said, "Do you remember The Bad Man Who Came To Our House? Well, he shot and killed himself today." Kimberly said, "Oh, that's so good."

Returning from another out-of-town conference later that fall, Sarah was besieged with calls that the rapist had killed himself. "I was absolutely delighted, just delighted. The police were mad as hell, I'm guessing... they told me, a couple of them, they really wanted to get him... I just kind of laughed... because they would have probably messed it up again and he would have probably gotten away. I would have had to go to court and that would have been horrible... I was pleased, it was wonderful to come back to town."

Just before he pulled the trigger, Brian Frederick Larriva's last words were:

"I never really hurt anybody... this whole thing was blown out of proportion."

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Homero Yee Lizardi

Baja Hideaway

*Steinbeck passed it by,
but other stressed-out gringos think
Mulege's swell.*

By Charles Bowden

It is a spring day in 1940. John Steinbeck stands on the deck of the *Western Flyer* and looks over at the green tongue of the estuary that winds up-river a mile and a half to Mulege on the Baja coast. On deck is a barrel of gutted tuna, the fish caught off the side by hand lines as the sardine boat plowed its way north. Steinbeck is thirty-eight years old and fleeing the wave of fame rolling off his *Grapes of Wrath*. His wife is on board, their marriage is disintegrating, and his mood goes up and down. He refuses to let the ship put in

at Mulege because he has heard that the port officials charge ruinous fees. So the *Western Flyer* continues up the west coast of the Sea of Cortez and Mulege continues on without a visit by the famous author. The town survives. It is a place that has done without many visitors.

The Jesuits came in 1705 to tame the Indians. They were expelled in 1768 by the King of Spain during a bureaucratic shake-up and a stone church on the edge of the community is the major mark left by the fathers in town. The old hulk still glowers there just above the green breath of the lagoon. The natives died out thanks largely to new, introduced diseases — by the 1750s the modern one-child family was the norm, a testament to their biological doom. The paved Baja highway snaked through in the 1970s promising hordes

of Californians in its black wake. Baja has had successive waves of promised booms — rich pearl fisheries, abundant gold, thriving missions, and in one wonderful booster book of the 1880s the harsh neighboring desert was touted as a treasure trove of "fiber plants." It all began when Cortez arrived in the sixteenth century to check rumors that Baja was run by Amazon women who allowed periodic visits by boys, kept only female children, and, besides such sterling habits, had lots of gold and pearls. All these various hopes have proven false over the centuries and the only sure thing has been that the rains do not come often. In the case of the highway, the road is long, about sixteen hours to Los Angeles, and full of frightening pot holes. The North Americans have descended but not in numbers sufficient to make the inn-



way

keepers smile or to drug the Mulegeños with the stupor of West Coast ways. Basically, Mulege and the middle of Baja are the way the Sonoran coast was about thirty years ago: Americans are here but the Club Med has yet to arrive. Bud came from around L.A. seven months ago as "your basic retired beach bum." He is in his late thirties, bloated with beer and teetering past 200 pounds. He functions as the major domo at Hacienda Vieja, a run-down flop carved out of a hacienda 204 years old. The establishment slumbers just a few doors off the small plaza where the town's boys and girls sniff each other over during the evening promenades. Bud also presides over the inn's saloon, a dusty cavern where the wanderers who once hitched America's roads in the sixties have found a safe harbor during the greed days of the late

eighties.

The blond woman at the bar stares blankly ahead, in front of her a daiquiri glass sits like a shrine. The vessel is loaded with lush, wax fruit. Her kid is up in L.A. and she figures she'll have to go up and get the child any day now. But, how about a pizza? Right now! She says this in a trip-tested monotone. Her face never moves, yet somehow words escape her thin lips. She forgot to get a pizza in L.A., and, hey, she'd like one. How about Loreto? she asks, a city of 3,500 two hours to the south. No one looks up from their bottles of Corona and the pizza question hangs in the air and then sinks to the floor like a tired balloon.

On one wall is a mountain lion hide, patches of fur missing, the whole skin coated with dust. It has not rained in Mulege for about eight years or three years or seven years or quite recently — nobody quite remembers. In fact, this rain question may be the key to the Mulege spirit. While it is easy to find folk up and about who will deny memory of rain since around the birth of Christ, it is just as easy to find folks who were flooded out during the summer by the ferocity of torrential rains. Facts here are not slippery or relative or hidden. Facts here just don't matter because they have never been found to explain much of anything.

Everything wears a cloak of dust. The groves of date palms sag under the dust, the nearby desert of cardon, elephant tree and creosote denies the possibility of green. The whole town is dotted with roofs made from palm fronds and when you look up the sky is always peeking through the ceilings. Mulege does not believe in rain.

Outside the bar, a few of the hacienda's guests stare hard at paperback books that they clutch in their hands as they slowly rock in old chairs. They have the pale skin of serious vegetarians. The small pool holds a couple of people wallowing like hogs on a summer day in Iowa. Mulege is very hot, very dusty, and as a gift from the sea, very humid. In the summer, it is also very empty. The four thousand (or five thousand, or six thousand — estimates vary) residents hang on, but nobody is quite sure what they do. They are very poor according to some visiting Rotarians who have just trucked down a load of rice and beans to avert famine. They are doing fine according to some of the locals since all anybody has to do is stagger down to the Sea of Cortez and bag dinner. Some guide for sports fishermen, some pour drinks in the few hotels for the even fewer guests. Some put out to sea each morning in pangas and come back with a couple of fish to sell. But mainly everyone waits for the rains that never come, or at the very least for the winter season to begin in October.

The room is tucked away in a corner of the courtyard. No key is necessary: the door has no lock. For that matter it has no door knob. The air

conditioner does not work, the fan rattles and groans, and the beds quiver with squads of fleas. There is no hot water. A tale haunts the Hacienda Vieja of one recent guest, who, finding the toilet out of action during a fifteen-round bout of dysentery, staggered down to the hardware store, bought supplies, and fixed the thing himself.

Ever resourceful, Bud seems to have located an endless supply of ice in a town where almost everyone else is out of ice. Mulege is a town where no milk has been available for a week, where the small fruit juice and ice cream stand off the plaza has no fruit juice, no ice cream, and of course, no ice. Where the local steak house has no steaks.

Bud also has corralled cases of Corona.

Night begins to fall on Mulege and the bar slowly fills with creatures of thirst.

Steinbeck, out rocking on the seventy-five-foot sardine boat, is about to total a promising career in American letters. He will leave his wife, he will move from the West Coast to the cafe society of New York. He will write many more books and no one will think much of them. He will drink a lot of booze. He is embarking on a new adventure for an American writer: he will write books that see people as insignificant specks trapped in a web of life where nothing matters but the flicker of life itself. In a sense, he is writing the first ecological novels — years before the word becomes common and L.L. Bean becomes the off-duty uniform of Brooks Brothers people. But right now, tonight, he knows none of this. It is the spring of 1940, Europe and Asia are gutting themselves with the opening acts of the great war, and he is on the Sea of Cortez and ideas pound away in his head.

He recalls the cantinas he has visited on his way up the coast and decides "there is nothing more doleful than a little cantina. In the first place it is inhabited by people who haven't any money to buy a drink. They stand about them waiting for a miracle that never happens...."

A few days ago he cruised into Bahia Concepción, just south of Mulege. The mouth of the bay is three-and-a-half miles, the length twenty-two, and a finger of land protects the whole from the sea. Steinbeck sees billions of clam shells, watches the moves of thousands of fiddler crabs. He is exhilarated by the intensity of life on the reefs where everything is alive and eats and is in turn eaten.

He hears the doves call at dusk. John Steinbeck has keener ears than the average man, and when a dove calls, he hears the terrors of millions of years of black nights:

The quality of the longing in this sound, the memory of the response it sets up, is curious and

strong. And it has also the quality of a dying day. One wishes to walk toward the sound — to walk on and toward it, forgetting everything else. Undoubtedly there are sound symbols in the unconscious just as there are visual symbols — sounds that trigger off a response, a little spasm of fear, or a quick lustfulness, or, as with the doves, a nostalgic sadness. Perhaps in our pre-humanity this sound of doves was a signal that the day was over and a night of terror due — a night which perhaps this time was permanent. Keyed to the visual symbol of the sinking sun and to the odor symbol of the cooling earth, these might all cause a little spasm of sorrow....

If there be visual symbols, strong and virile in the unconscious, there must be others planted by the other senses.... And smell of some spring flowers when the senses thaw; and smell of a ready woman, and smell of reptiles and smell of death....

As soon as anyone arrives in Mulege, they think they have been here before. This is a surprise, since the town is hard to get to. There is no commercial air connection. The road, well, the road is fifteen or sixteen hours of crazed beer trucks, stoned surfers, and huge potholes. The Mexican customs guy on the north edge of town recently hit some new level of shakedown and got busted for extortion. True, there is an airfield for private planes, but most people with enough money for a private plane possess appetites that take them elsewhere. Yachts also cruise these waters, but seldom in summer when the chubascos rake the gulf and send small boats to the bottom with ease.

Perhaps, the sensation comes from the air and the black green color of the small river lined with date palms. The air is very humid, sweat pours down the body and blinds the eyes. The nose twitches with the scent of the sea. The palms, dusty from lack of rain, still look obscenely green against the baked hillsides of desert. Mulege seems to groan under the weight of some ancient time, some beginning of the species when we struggled out of the mud and made a forced march on the VCRs and V-8s. You sit in a bar, nurse a beer, and think you have been here before. Long ago, sometime before you were born. You spin on your stool, look out the door, swat the flies from your face, and wonder why no giant reptiles are lumbering past.

Of course, such sensations are all nonsense. But they are very real and convincing, with or without the beer. It is in the air. Mulege has its own historian, Homero Yee Lizardi. He has produced a volume on the pueblo's past (complete with a history of the best local baseball team) and lives in part off oil paintings he sells for a couple of

bucks to visiting tourists. He is also a poet and rambles around a wooden house that is slowly sagging to earth, the dark rooms full of odd treasures — framed coin collections, odd madonnas. It is early morning, he wanders from room to room in shorts and bare chest repeating, “*muy calor, muy calor.*” His prices vary — from \$6 to \$60 — depending upon his immediate needs and immediate thirst.

Bud lives more in the moment. His beard and mouth suggest a laid-back life, but his eyes are very anxious and betray his thoughts. He settles into a chair by the pool and begins to brag on the delights of his new home.

“See that green house up on the hill? Two bedrooms, full kitchen, rents for only \$150 a month. He lives up there, Tio, the Scallop King. He’s got a lock on the whole thing and wherever he goes, that’s where the scallop industry is. They’re just finishing up diving at Concepción now and then they’ll head over to the lagoon at San Ignacio for a while. They’ve got some little scallops there that people are just crazy for.”

Bud is proud of the Scallop King. He says he comes into his bar all the time. Sighing, he climbs out of his chair and heads back to his role of ringmaster in the circus he runs in the saloon. Two guys climb out of the pool and plunk down on some chairs. The bodies are covered with tattoos, fu-manchu moustaches grace their faces, and the

Spanish accent has the ring of East L.A. rather than Baja. An Anglo guy, a diver who says he’s from Colorado, puts a chair in the pool and sits in the cool waters. The two guys with the moustaches are on vacation. One got out of the joint in California a few days before — eighteen months in maximum security, he allows, with a certain note of pride. They’re down here for — well, they’re down here and the Coronas pile up around them. The guy who just got out of the joint is a little leery of heading back into the barrio — the killings and drug deals have gotten kind of crazy, he says. A tattooed crucifix rides on the back of his hand, dangling from a tattooed bracelet.

The guy in the pool starts talking about the local diving — no air, dammit, he says, the damn dive shop just up and closed for a week or two. These little surprises always await one in Mulege. He’s excited because there are lots of lobsters down on the bottom of the bay. He says that if you dive at night with a red light the lobsters just storm out from under rocks and line up around the light like hogs at a trough and you can toss twenty or thirty into a sack. Of course, this is illegal. He is rolling now, full of his prowess, and he tells the man who just spent eighteen months in maximum security, that using red lights works great on deer at night.

The ex-con sips on his Corona, looks up through slit-like eyes and

purrs, “Deer are color blind.”

Steinbeck seems to brood. His words forget the Sea of Cortez, forget what is passing beneath the bow of his ship, forget the people he meets and the lame and endearing things that they say. He wants to be a philosopher and the pages clot with words seeking a higher and to him more important ground.

He considers the old missions strung along the peninsula, missions like the stone one at Mulege that bakes on a rock knoll above the Hacienda Vieja, and John Steinbeck decides, “It must have been a difficult task for those first sturdy Jesuit fathers to impress the Indians of the Gulf. The very air here is miraculous, and outlines of reality change with the moment. A dream hangs over the whole region, a brooding kind of hallucination.”

Ah, he thinks, that must be the function of the Indians, of the whole damn Baja, to remain, to remember, to refuse to join the machine march of the times. Steinbeck has touched a basic fantasy of modern, urban, stressed-out homo sapiens: that somewhere in some place other folks, simpler folks, are keeping the faith and maintaining contact with the deeper layers and rhythms of the flesh. Steinbeck is fully alive to this idea now. The boat has beer but little ice and he has grown accustomed to draining bottle after bottle of warm brew. He sucks down a beer and

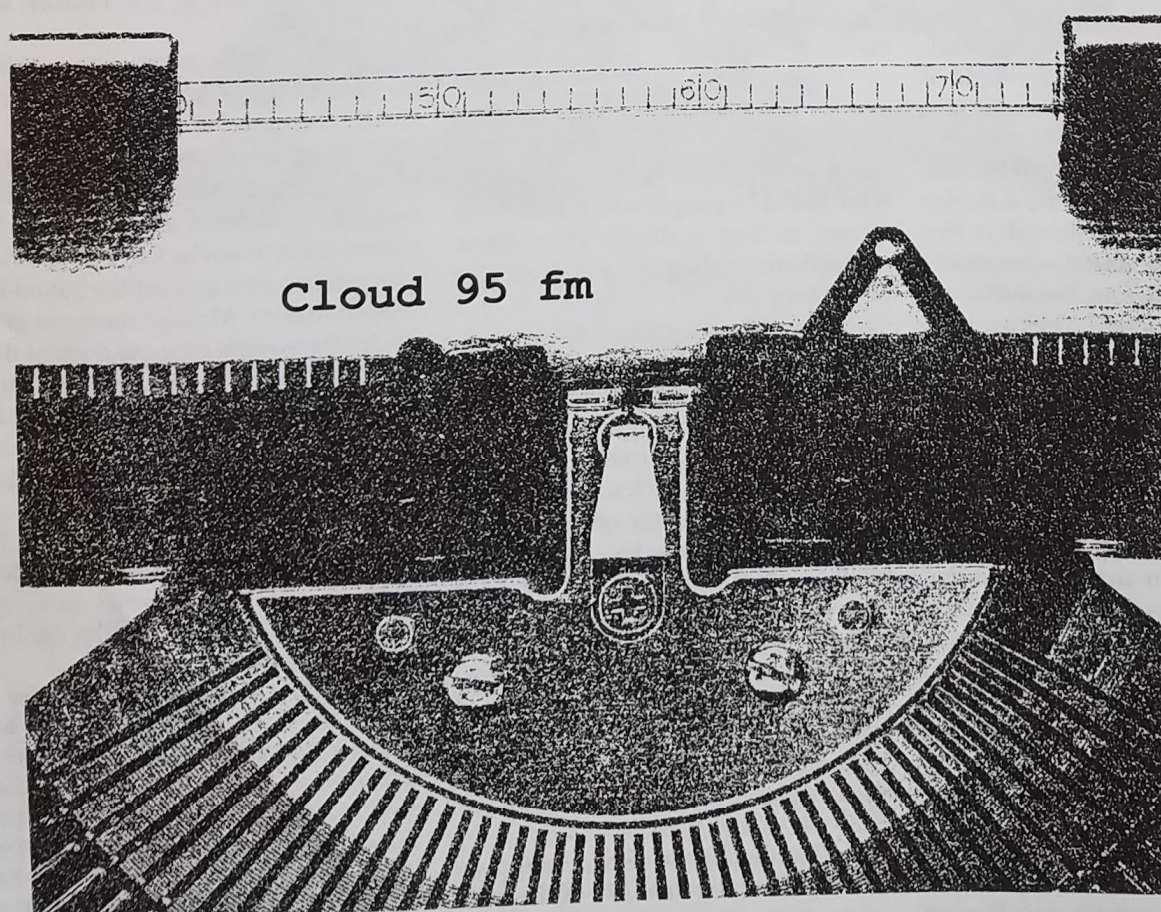
peers into the hope of the future.

“...When our species progresses toward extinction or marches into the forehead of God — there will be certain degenerate groups left behind, say, the Indians of Lower California, in the shadows of the rocks or sitting motionless in the dugout canoes. They may remain to sun themselves, to eat and starve and sleep and reproduce. Now they have many legends as hazy and magical as the mirage. Perhaps then they will have another concerning a great and godlike race that flew away in four-motored bombers to the accompaniment of exploding bombs, the voice of God calling them home.”

Perhaps, John Steinbeck feels better now.

No one seems to walk in Mulege during the daylight hours except the very poor, and now and then a depraved Norte Americano. And no one at all walks during the heat of the afternoon. For a walker, the world need not be shared. The sun hammers downward and the dusty palms lining the river offer little shade. An osprey watches from the top of one and pants. After a mile or so on the south bank, after squads of trailer courts packed with retired Americans during the winter and empty now, Paco and Rosy’s saloon looms into view, the whole joint a thatched hut huddled in a grove. Paco sizes up the rivers of sweat pouring down the body, pulls

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out a beer schooner and creates a tequila sunrise roughly the size of the Pacific. He is from a family of nine children and was raised on the streets of Tijuana — "five cents," he explains, for shining an American serviceman's shoes, "twenty-five cents for telling them where they could find women." He is part iron from his years of hunger, and part hope. He intends to go to college — he is in his forties — and study anthropology. He is a veritable fount of information on the vanished tribes of Baja. His daughter is a lawyer. For now he pours drinks, and cracks jokes with American customers and keeps his treasure trove of archaeological monographs out of sight.

The business looks serene. Jazz, American jazz, flutters out of a hidden stereo and all the walls are cluttered with American beer signs apparently donated by visiting alcoholics during the busy winter season. Paco entertains the few stray fishermen busy getting tanked at the bar. He allows that after a year or two of fish talk, it gets pretty damn boring. The business is for sale. Paco says he has had enough — "many friends, little money," he confesses — and wants to pack it in and move to La Paz. The thing is too much work and stress, he points out. An American doctor tells of a village of fifty families he recently visited in the nearby sierra. The leading medical problem: hypertension.

Just past Paco and Rosy's, the Hotel Serenidad, full service with private air strip, waits out the summer. Mulege is asleep and will not awaken for months.

Directly across the river, the Villa Hermosa bakes amid the innkeeping equivalent of cobwebs. There is no one staying there, the bar is lonely with only the barkeep and glowing portrait of John Wayne to fill the big empty.

Frigate birds wheel overhead, a species that lives on fish and never catches a fish. They are perhaps nature's finest thieves and the bane of every hard-working seagull and pelican.

Down by the bank two Mexican guys pull up in a panga and begin washing huge slabs of red meat they've whacked off a shark. Inside the boat are two sets of flippers, snorkels, and masks, two spear guns and no oxygen tanks.

The walk along the north shore is hot and dusty. Up on the hill the old prison sits empty. Once it was the pride of Mulege and the convicts were let out each morning to toil in the town, recalled to their tiny cages each evening by the sound of a conch shell. No one worried about escape. There was no place to flee to.

Two old people sit on chairs under the palm thatch of their porch. They stare rigidly ahead through the doorway to the flickering image of a black-and-white television. A lean yellow dog snores in the dirt yard by the satellite dish as another day seeps away in Mulege.

The plaza begins to throb with small boys playing basketball: there is no court, there is no hoop. The boys aim at the dangling remains of a light fixture. Young girls circle the square holding hands, young males sit on the hard concrete benches and passively worship the circling young girls. A beat cop strolls around with a nightstick awaiting the moment that never comes. Everyone's body glistens with sweat. The palms bend under the weight of eight years of dust.

The town is said to be literally drying up. The estuary is shrinking because wells upriver are sucking the aquifer dry. Out in the Sea of Cortez, according to visiting American fishermen, it is more of the same: gutted fisheries, dwindling shellbeds. When Steinbeck visits in 1940, he files the same notes, sketches out the same obituary. Baja always attracts Americans with the promise of changelessness and then refuses to soothe them with changelessness. They come here seeking a kind of counterculture to

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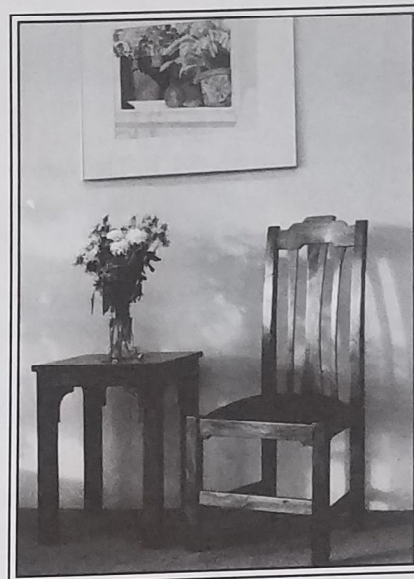
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the rapacity and greed and zeal for pollution that is so basic to the genius of their own nation. And they grow hurt when this magic place and outlook cannot be found.

Back at the Hacienda Vieja the bar approaches its critical mass of night heat. The mountain lion nailed to the wall seems to disappear into a veil of dust, the chairs in the saloon are casually pulled up in rows as Bud pops a cassette into the VCR. The various guests paddle in with their thongs slapping the cement floor and take a Corona and a seat. Cheech and Chong are the talent this night, and they are riding in a van with a baggie of white powder between them. Chong sniffs the baggie with animal pleasure but will not share it with Cheech because Ann Landers has advised such things are bad for one's health. Cheech begs, pleads, whimpers and finally seizes the baggie by force, burying his face into the inviting powder. He chokes

and sits up: he has just snorted a helluva line of soap. The van disappears down the street, big blobs of soap suds trailing out the window.

Bud at the bar gives a look that asks, Do you get it? He is anxious to discuss himself. The new planes are so good and so well fueled that Baja has dropped out of the business, he explains. The old smugglers' field by the Villa Hermosa is silent now at night. But he wants to talk, there are past deals, exploits, things to be said. He looks again, Do you get it?

Out at the pool everyone is falling into a stupor. The sun is gone but the heat hangs on and the Coronas clink against the hard cement as people slump in their chairs and chase down the Mulege night.

John Steinbeck senses some important part of his life is ending. The book has been too big, the movie and that time in Hollywood has reached too deeply

into him. And he is changed forever. People now know his name. People now denounce his name. Some recognize his face. Good-looking women try to catch his eye. He loves fame, he detests fame. He decides the only way to save himself and protect his talent is to devote the rest of his days to the esoteria of marine biology.

The Sea of Cortez has very little property. He is attracted by this fact and happy to celebrate it with his words. The only major possession of the fishermen are their dugout canoes, objects bought across the Gulf in Nayarit and then paddled home. Try as he might, offer what he will, he never finds one that will sell him his canoe.

Steinbeck thinks about the curse of property. Sharks cut below the boat, huge mantas — ten to twelve feet from tip to tip — sleep on the surface.

"Other animals may dig holes to live in; may weave nests or take possession of hollow trees.... They make little impression on the world. But the world is furrowed and cut, torn and blasted by man. Its flora has been swept away and changed; its mountains torn down by man; its flat lands littered by the debris of his living.... Physiological man does not require this paraphernalia to exist, but the whole man does. He is the only animal who lives outside of himself, whose drive is in external things — property, houses, money, concepts of power.... His house, his automobile are a part of him and a large part of him. This is beautifully demonstrated by a thing doctors know — that when a man loses his possessions a very common result is sexual impotence."

He pauses, the night waters are flat and calm. There is something more he wants to say.

"Perhaps," he notes with a tone of both fatigue and relief, "it is all a part of the process of mutation and perhaps the mutation will see us done for. We have made our mark on the world, but we have really done nothing that the trees and creeping plants, ice and erosion, cannot remove in a fairly short time."

There, he's got it.

"Nights at anchor on the Gulf," Steinbeck decides, "are quiet and strange."

Nicolas is twenty-five years old and he hops around *El Nido* with a nervous energy. It is a part of a chain of four steak and fish houses that begin up near Tijuana and go to Loreto. Nicolas is the manager of the Mulege branch, only open six months and sagging with a lack of business. *El Nido's* bar is nothing but logs of boojums, the desert plant that lives up to 800 years and looks like an uprooted carrot. The place gleams with newness and Nicolas is determined to make his mark.

He is short, the eyes alert, the body thin and wiry. The laugh comes easily, as does the smile, but the eyes never relax. He feels that Mulege is a brief stop on his march toward success. The locals, he sighs, live differently. For the two or three months that the Scallop King is in town and the harvest on, a good diver can make \$400 a week. But, he notes, they blow it as fast as they make it. They have no plans. Look, he says, look at those guys across the street. A group of men sit on the steps of a Tecate store drinking beer and talking into the night. "That is Mulege," he says.

He has three brothers and four sisters up near Ensenada where his father is the foreman on a six-hundred-acre farm. His father, he says with disbelief, likes that life. So do his brothers. But he, he is different.

He quit school at age twelve — this is nothing special in Mexico, he notes — and went to work on a chicken farm, living away from his family. At thirteen, he was unloading semi-trucks and then after six months of that he found concrete. For six years he mixed concrete in Tijuana — "you look at some of the

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tallest buildings, we built them."

At nineteen he stumbled into an *El Nido* and now here he is, twenty-five and the manager. But, oh, the problems. He had ten employees, but had to let four go. No business. Everything cost too much — his electrical bill is \$1000 a month American. There is no milk in town, he cannot get meat. And business is flat until October. His boss says not to worry, that Mulege will grow, and *El Nido* will be there to catch the growth. It may take four or five years, but no worry. Nicolas is not ready to wait. The town is not his town.

"I am not like my brothers," he explains. "I am, how you say? Wired."

He pauses, stares out the window at the beer drinkers across the dusty street, and then plunges ahead. Nicolas has a dream.

He will make *El Nido* a success in Mulege. He has ambitions. He will learn business. Then he will get a van — how you say? A camper. He will travel and see things, find a place to live. He will live in the United States, perhaps in Los Angeles. Once he has a place, he will go to school, to the university and get a degree. Once he visited Los Angeles and from there traveled to Las Vegas.

"I like Las Vegas very much," he says with an almost erotic feeling in his voice. "I dream, I dream of managing a big hotel there, a place like Caesar's Palace. It is silly, no?"

But first, of course, he must make

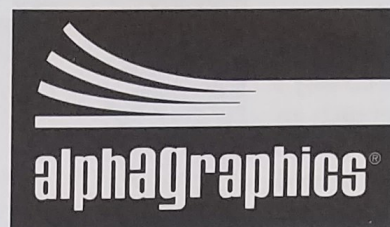
El Nido work. He does not share his boss' patience. He does not share Mulege's patience. He does not share John Steinbeck's fatigue with the things of this world. Nicolas is hungry. He is like Paco. To the north in the face of a bahia are a chain of islands called *Sali Se Puedes* — Get out if you can. The waters there are very fierce and early Spanish sailors would be trapped for days until they managed to beat their way through the currents. Cesar Chavez, as it happens, was raised in a barrio of San Jose, California named *Sali Se Puedes*.

"I am different," Nicolas says. "I am wired."

Steinbeck returns to Monterey. His life goes on, his books sell, there is big money made in Hollywood writing scripts. His writing unravels. He thinks of the Gulf from time to time but this is not easy. "Trying to remember the Gulf," he decides, "is like trying to recreate a dream. This is by no means a sentimental thing, it has little to do with beauty or even conscious liking. But the Gulf does draw one.... And since we have returned, there is always in the backs of our minds the positive drive to go back again. If it were lush and rich, one could understand the pull, but it is fierce and hostile and sullen. But we know we must go back if we live, and we don't know why."

But Steinbeck goes to Long Island. □

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You probably didn't read about it anywhere, but in the general election last November, a small, rural, conservative, agricultural county in northern California made history by passing an initiative measure to ban the sale and use of the steel-jaw leghold trap within that county.

This is the first time such an ordinance has passed by public vote anywhere in the United States — though governments on every continent except North America have banned the trap as inhumane and cruel. Where steel-jaw traps have been outlawed in the United States, it has always been through local legislative action, never before at the ballot box.

Now animal lovers, environmentalists, naturalists, hikers from all over the country are trying to find out how this little county did it. Tanja Keogh, director of the Good Shepherd Foundation in Nevada County, California, is getting so many telephone calls that her group is working on an "initiative kit" to send to people who are trying to change trapping laws in their own communities.

I was one of those callers. Tanja told me they did not campaign on



A bobcat, starved to death in a trap.

Photo by Dick Randall, courtesy of Defenders of Wildlife

JAWS

It's inhumane, it's cruel, and it's legal

BY BYRD BAYLOR

grounds of compassion for trapped animals or against traps which inflict

pain and suffering, because the California Fish and Game Department is em-

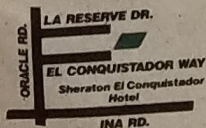
powered to "manage" and "protect" wildlife, and trapping falls within its jurisdiction. Instead, the campaign focused (as has a great deal of anti-trapping activity in Arizona during the past year) on concerns for public health and safety — which are not regulated by the Fish and Game Department.

For a year and a half, Citizens for a Healthful and Safe Environment (CHASE) held public meetings and stressed preventive alternatives to trapping which would protect people, livestock and wildlife. Volunteers studied the trapping industry in the state and discovered that fewer than half of the trappers were setting traps legally. Other volunteers sought out people whose pets and family members had been injured in traps (Tanja herself has a three-legged cat named Suzy who lost her right hind paw to a trap last year) and studied anti-trapping legislation in other states.

They needed 5,000 signatures to get on the ballot and collected almost twice that number in less than five weeks. But all that was the easy part.

Their opposition formed the Coalition for Public and Animal Welfare

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(CPAW), backed by the national sportsmen's Wildlife Legislative Fund, Farm Bureau Federation, National Cattleman's Association, Woolgrower's Association, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the National Rifle Association, the California Fish and Game Department, the local Chamber of Commerce, every major state and national trapping organization, and several powerful rural politicians who also happened to be ranchers. There was a large-scale media blitz and the local daily newspaper predicted that if the initiative passed, a million dollars' worth of livestock would be lost. You might say that spirits were not soaring in the CHASE camp about that time. But it got worse.

In the last days before the election, CPAW ran television commercials featuring the mother of a child killed by a coyote in 1981, the only known killing of a human by a coyote anywhere in the world. The mother pleaded for defeat of the measure, and the commercials did not mention that the coyote in question was basically a pet which had been fed by humans and had lost its natural fear of people.

There was talk that if the initiative passed, Nevada County would be in economic shambles, coyotes would run rampant through the towns dragging

off pets and children, and rabies would be uncontrolled.

But when the votes were counted, 59.8 percent of the voters had said NO to the steel-jaw leghold trap.

One reason Nevada County pulled it off may be that it is an area of outdoor people, people who hike and backpack. They don't want to have to stay on a road to be safe from traps. Also, they are likely to have seen for themselves what an injured animal in a trap looks like. People who would never think of joining an animal protection organization had been quietly releasing animals from traps for years (illegally, of course). In larger, metropolitan areas, most people have no idea there is even a problem.

But could it happen in Arizona, the state where the legislature cannot get the votes to ban cock fighting but has no trouble passing a law against "Hunter Harassment?" (This one was passed in 1979 after activists tried to save bighorn sheep from hunters.)

Last year the Arizona branch of Earth First! sent a survey form to members, listing environmental issues and asking which ones they considered most deserving of attention in Arizona. Though trapping was not on the printed list, so many people wrote it in that the newsletter said: "Far and away,

the most popular write-in was *Stop Trapping*. A noble goal if ever there was one. Who wants to organize it?"

Arizona's \$500,000-a-year trapping industry apparently has more vocal foes now than ever before and people are questioning trappers' right to do business on public land. They are insisting that public land belongs to all of us, that recreational users should be able to go out without fear of hidden, unmarked traps. And they are saying that because such a high percentage of animals caught in traps are "non-target," there is little control over what is actually killed. (During the Audubon Christmas bird count near Portal a few years ago, a golden eagle was found in a trap.)

Larry Sunderland's case is a good example. He was camping with his dog Duper in the Coconino National Forest near Payson. They were hiking along a wooded road when Duper stepped in a scented, buried steel-jaw trap. The dog was thrashing and lunging, yelping in pain. Larry put one arm around the dog to try to calm him, tried to release the trap with the other hand and his foot. In finally releasing the dog, he caught his own hand in the trap and was bleeding profusely. A diabetic with heart problems, he cleaned the wound and went to a hospital emer-

gency room for treatment.

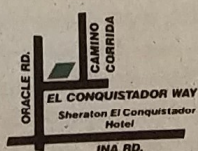
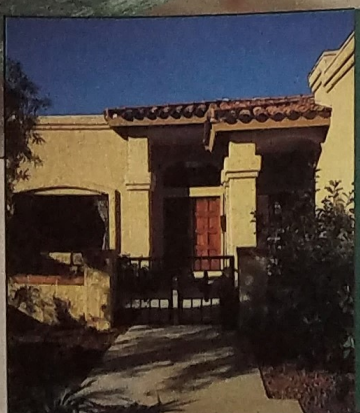
He thought the Arizona Game & Fish Department would want to know that a trap had been set close to a road and campground, so he called to report the incident. Instead, he was charged with "disturbing" a trap, a violation of state law.

A few days later, a Game & Fish official called to tell him the county prosecutor had decided to dismiss the case, but by then the retired Air Force colonel had decided to take some action himself. He later filed a lawsuit against the State of Arizona, the Game & Fish Department and the trapper, charging them with negligence in regulating commercial wildlife traps. It is the first lawsuit to attack trapping on grounds of public safety.

There are dozens of similar incidents.

Dr. Paul Bennett, a retired Tucson dentist, was hiking about 200 yards from the Molina Basin campground in October (trapping season opens in November) when his black lab was caught in a hidden trap about fifteen feet off a hiking trail. The normally placid dog was in such a frenzy that he could not be calmed and bit the hand that was freeing him. Dr. Bennett knows traps and has freed animals before, but his wound required twelve

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BYRD

stitches.

Then there is Julia Moser who is in her seventies and lives alone up near Dolan Springs. Her land is next to a checkerboard of BLM land. A year ago on January 1 she went out for a New Year's Day walk with her dog. The dog ran ahead and she heard her yelping in pain. She found the dog's right front paw in a trap, knelt down to help the dog and as she did so, put her weight on one hand. That hand was instantly caught in another concealed trap. She was pulled down, struggled with the trap but was unable to spring it. She kept working until she finally pulled up the metal stake which held the trap and made her way home with her hand still in the trap.

She telephoned for help. Her brother-in-law drove out and by using a hatchet and cold chisel was able to remove the trap. Luckily, she was wearing heavy leather gloves so her hand was not severely injured and they went back to free the dog. They also called the Game & Fish Department. Someone did come to the house but said he had no way of knowing who set the trap — though each trap is required to have a tag with the trapper's identifying number on it.

Mrs. Moser went to a Game & Fish commission meeting to discuss the incident, but she says, "They seemed to find the story quite amusing. No one commented or asked me any questions." Maybe she should just be glad she wasn't fined for tampering with that trap.

Camp Cooper is the environmental education facility for Tucson schools. It is 1.1 miles from Camino de Oeste on Trails End Road and about half a mile cross-county from Tucson Mountain Park, an area where there are many hiking trails as well as roads and houses. That's where Jody Simmons takes children on nature hikes and talks about desert ecology. One day when she was walking with ten fifth-graders, they heard a strange clanging sound and watched a coyote limping, trying to run, dragging a large trap across the desert. She says the children stood there stricken, most of them in tears... a sad lesson in desert ecology.

The next year, they saw the same coyote, but now missing the lower part of that leg... another sad lesson in desert ecology. "After that we never saw him again."

Ann Coe of Mesa often hikes in the Superstition Mountains. Last November she was there with three friends when her dog stepped in a trap just three feet off the Peralta Trail, a much used hiking area. Three people were injured before they could get the dog out of the trap.

Mary McBee, hiking in a wash near her home in Meadview, stepped into a trap but hit it sideways so it sprung but

missed her foot by an inch. Again, the trap was concealed and there was no identification on it.

Several people have seen animals in traps along the trails in Ventana Canyon. Ann Shull, hiking there one morning last winter, had barely started up the trail when she saw a fox in a trap. There were other hikers on the trail, several of them with children. Because she could not believe that it was legal to trap there, she called the Game & Fish Department in Tucson and was told that it was perfectly legal.

However, the only access to the hiking area is through private land at Flying V Ranch where signs inform hikers that they must have permission to cross the ranch. It happens that Flying V is the home of Tilly Shields, an animal-rights activist who welcomes hikers but has never been contacted by anyone saying he wants to trap in the canyon. So trappers must be entering illegally. Several times hikers have come to the ranch house to inform Tilly that they have freed trapped animals near the trail.

Sidney Brooks lives in Bowie and loves the outdoors. He has had dogs caught in traps three times, always near trails in hiking areas. One time it was just off the Safford-Morenci Trail near Faraway Ranch. Another time it was near Bonita Creek where he and a friend had stopped for a picnic lunch. There his friend also stepped on an unmarked trap. Brooks has contacted the Game & Fish Department about each incident. A man who always checks off his donation to the non-game department of Game & Fish at income tax time, he says, "If I could have one wish to help ecology in Arizona, I'd get rid of every decision maker in Game & Fish..."

One more example. A woman (who for obvious reasons will not be named) was driving down a country road near Payson. She stopped to photograph and came upon two young boys, maybe ten or twelve years old, trying to kill a coyote in a trap by hitting it in the face and head with large rocks and beating it with a baseball bat. She yelled at them to stop or she would report them.

"What's to report? It's our trap and it's our coyote." They seemed surprised that she was making such a fuss about an animal, but they moved back and she sat there on the ground beside her car not knowing what to do, watching the coyote die.

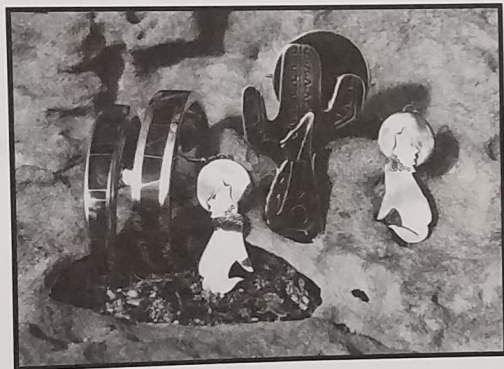
She too made a call and learned that children under fourteen do not need a license to trap in Arizona. No adult supervision is required. And she learned that clubbing is not uncommon.

Since then, she has learned how to spot a bobcat trap (coyote traps are harder to find) and she has learned how

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to free animals. And she hikes with a heavy hammer which she swings with force enough to damage any trap.

In the 1987-88 season there were 1,165 licensed trappers in our state and they reported killing 12,334 coyotes, 6,609 bobcats, 19,017 gray foxes, 3,086 kit foxes, 4,281 ringtail cats, 738 badgers, 834 raccoons, 2,537 skunks, 23 muskrats and 129 beavers. This does not include animals killed (they prefer the euphemism, "harvested") by children or unlicensed trappers or the "non-target" animals which they were not trying to catch.

Non-target animals (called "trash animals" by trappers) may include javelinas, porcupines, rabbits, owls, hawks, eagles, roadrunners, ducks, dogs, cats, *anything*. Dick Randall, a former U.S. Fish and Wildlife trapper who has since turned to protecting animals through Defenders of Wildlife, says: "The leghold trap is inherently non-selective. It is probably the most cruel device ever invented by man and is a direct cause of inexcusable destruction and waste of our wildlife. My trapping records show that for each target animal I trapped, about two unwanted individuals were caught. Because of trap injuries, these non-target species usually had to be destroyed."

State trapping regulations require that traps be inspected daily and that the trapper release "without additional injury" all animals he cannot lawfully trap. Some trappers do check traps daily, but trapping is a secretive business. Who is to know?

A resident Arizona trapping license costs \$50; a resident juvenile (fourteen to seventeen years), \$10; a nonresident, \$250; under fourteen, no license required. There is no limit on the number of traps one trapper may set and no limit on the animals he may kill except for the bobcat limit of 9,000 tags available per year. Numbers of trappers vary depending on the price of furs and the fashion status of fur coats.

Traps are to be no closer than one-quarter mile from picnic and camping areas or from a residence. They must not be within a hundred yards of an interstate highway or twenty-five yards from other roads or trails maintained for public use by a government agency.

Concerning these distances, Larry Sunderland (he's the one who filed the lawsuit against Game & Fish) says: "The laws protect only those few trails maintained by the government and roads dedicated and maintained for vehicle use. But people simply do not walk along such roads."

In a statement before the Game & Fish commission he said: "The scenic back roads are left unprotected. This, combined with the department's determination that use of a roadway or trail

for animal trapping is completely legal unless specifically prohibited by law, has given rise to the widespread use of vehicles in running commercial trap lines. The resultant placement of traps on or immediately adjacent to roadways and trails frequently used by pedestrians poses a grave threat to human safety and welfare."

He also wants to require that warning signs be posted to alert the public of potential danger. Trappers seldom use the signs, though they are available on request from the Game & Fish Department, because they will also alert another trapper who may steal the trapped animal — or a non-trapper who will free the trapped animal.

Reforming Arizona's trapping laws will not be easy, and it may be impossible, but the public safety campaign is under way.

At the same time, there are people whose personal campaign is for the safety of the thousands of wild animals which are trapped each year. These are the people out there carrying hammers, "disturbing" the traps. These are the ones driving the roads frequented by trappers. They are using binoculars, checking out any motion. They go in pairs, taking a blanket or a jacket to cover an animal's head while they release the springs of the trap. They have to judge how long the animal has been there without food or water, how serious its injuries are, whether it has a chance of surviving, whether it has broken bones. They urinate around trapping areas so animals will detect the human scent and beware. They share information and methods. For instance, a man in Nevada has been successful in releasing animals alone by using three pairs of heavy vice grips; people in other areas are asking him to come and demonstrate.

These are the people who say that when we've taken care of the matter of the safety of humans and their pets, when all the trapping areas are clearly marked and miles away from recreation areas — the suffering of animals in traps will continue as usual. We just won't see it as often. □

Want to help the campaign to reform Arizona's commercial trapping laws? Larry Sunderland and the groups working with him could use a long list of names from all you outdoor-types who have seen traps near recreation areas and hiking trails, or know people who have had run-ins with traps and can document the date and place. Contact any of the local animal-rights groups or send me the information at *City Magazine* and I will pass it along. — Byrd

Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, *Yes Is Better Than No*.



Berta Wright

Gallery Shops

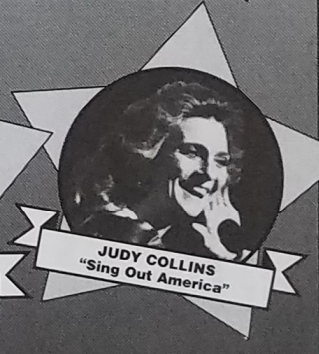
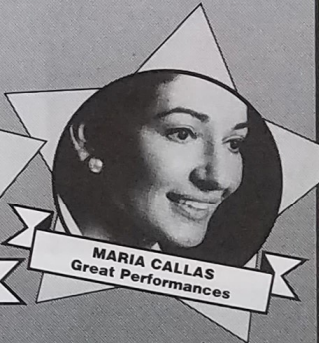
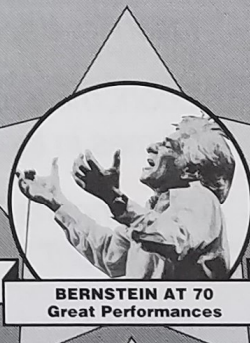
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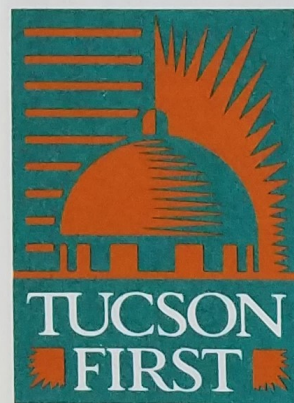
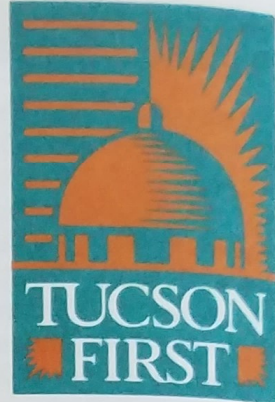
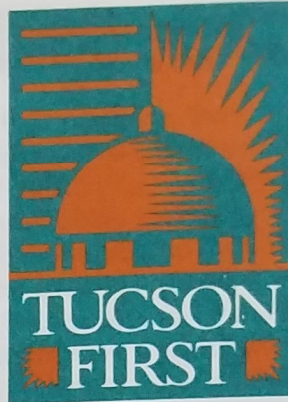
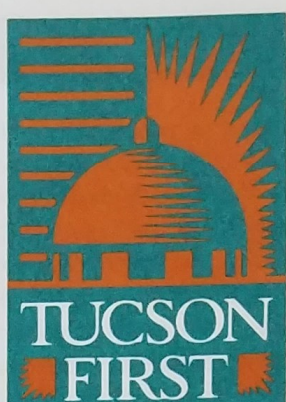
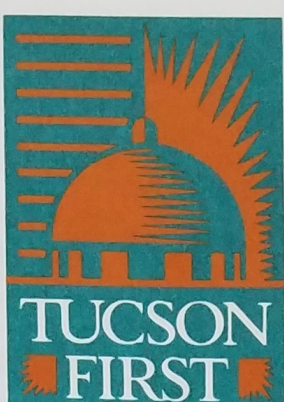
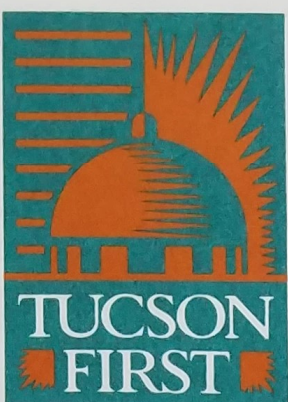
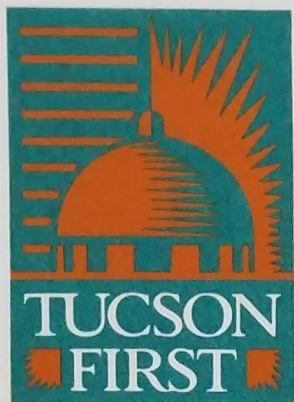
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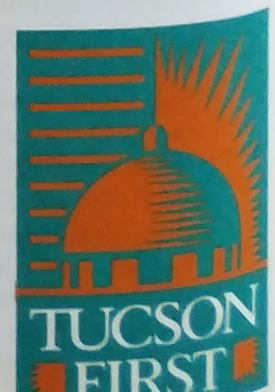
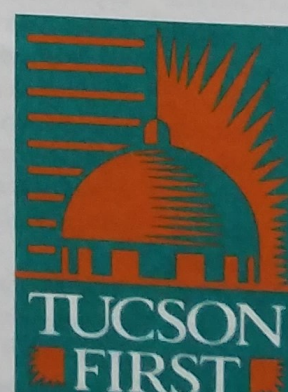
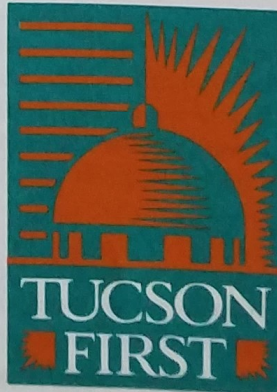
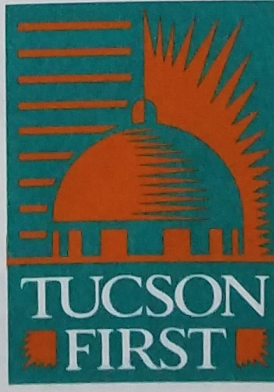
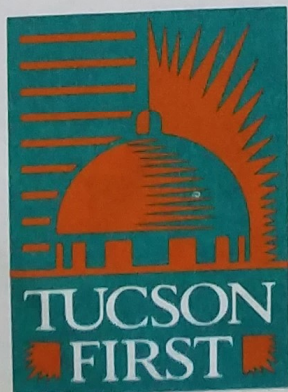
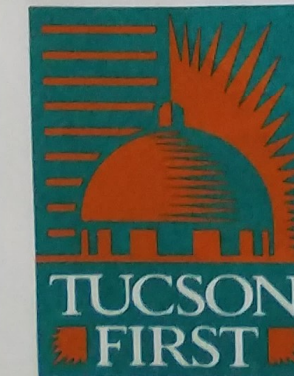
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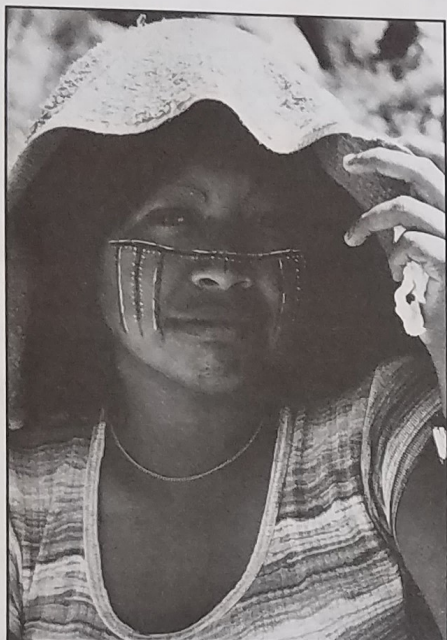
BOOKS

THE SECRET LIFE OF DAVID YETMAN

Twenty years as an Indian trader

BY CHARLES BOWDEN

Politics is a flat kind of boredom, a veritable Kansas of the mind, and it is no wonder that many of its practitioners turn to booze, drugs, graft, cigars, or unintelligible speech in order to cope. Now David Yetman, after a twelve-year tour on the Pima County Board of Supervisors, tells us how he kept his sanity. He's written a book, *Where the Desert*



A Seri woman

Photo by Jim Hills

Meets the Sea: A trader in the land of the Seri Indians (Pepper Publishing, Tucson, 1988, \$12.95 paper) that reveals his twenty-year infatuation with this small tribe of Indians who cling to the hot coast of Sonora just north of Kino Bay. And it is a pleasure to read.

For Yetman, the Seris seem less a counterculture than a real culture, a group of incredibly poor people who still manage to have richer lives than the bulk of the inmates in Pima County. He first stumbled upon them in the late sixties when a trip into the Sierra Madre aborted (the creeks were high) and so for lack of anything better to do he wound up at Desemboque, a serious Seri node on the Gulf. He has never recovered from that moment when he found a people who actually lived in the desert by the sea and ate what the desert and the sea produced. In short order, he became a Seri trader haggling with the locals for ironwood carvings, baskets and necklaces.

The book quickly reviews the history and struggle of the Seris to survive successive waves of outsiders (Spaniards, Mexicans, missionaries, traders, Coca-Cola). Yetman arrived just when the well-known ironwood carvings were being discovered (they are a recent addition to Seri culture, a product of the last twenty-five or thirty years). He also arrived just in time to catch the nomadic habits of the Seris before consumer culture finally nailed them down near a general store stuffed with

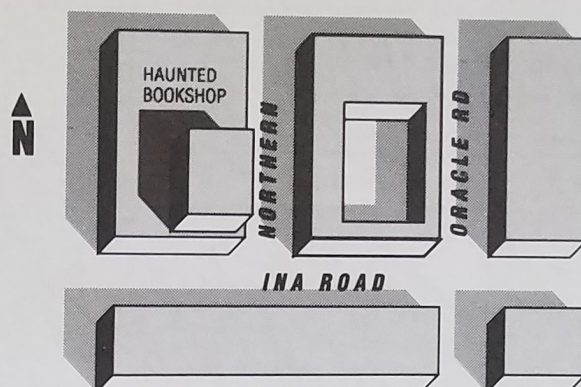
sugar, flour and pop. And he is a good observer, which is the book's great strength.

The book comes alive in capturing simple day-to-day experiences with the Seris over a period of twenty years. Yetman, bilingual, college teacher of philosophy, crafty politico, is wise enough to recognize that in Seri land he is out of his depth and so

he becomes the curious, clumsy guest, the fate of any gringo in the villages. Unlike most of us, he is a damn good observer. He finds a people who live hand-to-mouth, struggle daily to get enough to eat, cannot afford to be very caring about their elderly, and drive hard bargains with outsiders and each other. In short, he presents a believable picture. He also discovers that he cannot seem to survive mentally without periodic contact with the tribe. At one point he thought he was in deep trouble with Mexican cops and might not be able to return. "The thought," he confesses, "of not being able to return was unbearable. My response to the situation was to go into a depression which neither my wife nor my children could understand, and in which I made little attempt to communicate."

What pulled him back again and again? Perhaps, the Seri story of the spirit whale. Eight miles southwest of Desemboque is a sand dune. If you go there at midnight, you will see something coming across the Gulf from Guardian Angel Island, the spirit whale. The beast will glide over the waves and soar through the air and when it gets near you, do not panic, Yetman advises. You will be penetrated by a powerful spirit, one that will protect you from evil.

You can't find many spirit whales down at the county building. But then you can't find David Yetman there either anymore. Our loss. □



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Hal Gould

Dianne Olinghouse

Dianne Olinghouse is a grocery checker at Fry's at 22nd and Alvernon. According to one of her regular customers, she is a "bighearted person who makes everyone who goes through her line feel good."

People are always gushing on me like that. It's embarrassing. I'm just, you know, friendly. I'm real bad with names, but I remember people and their family lives. Regular customers get to be pretty much like family, although, there's so many of them and only one of me for them to remember.

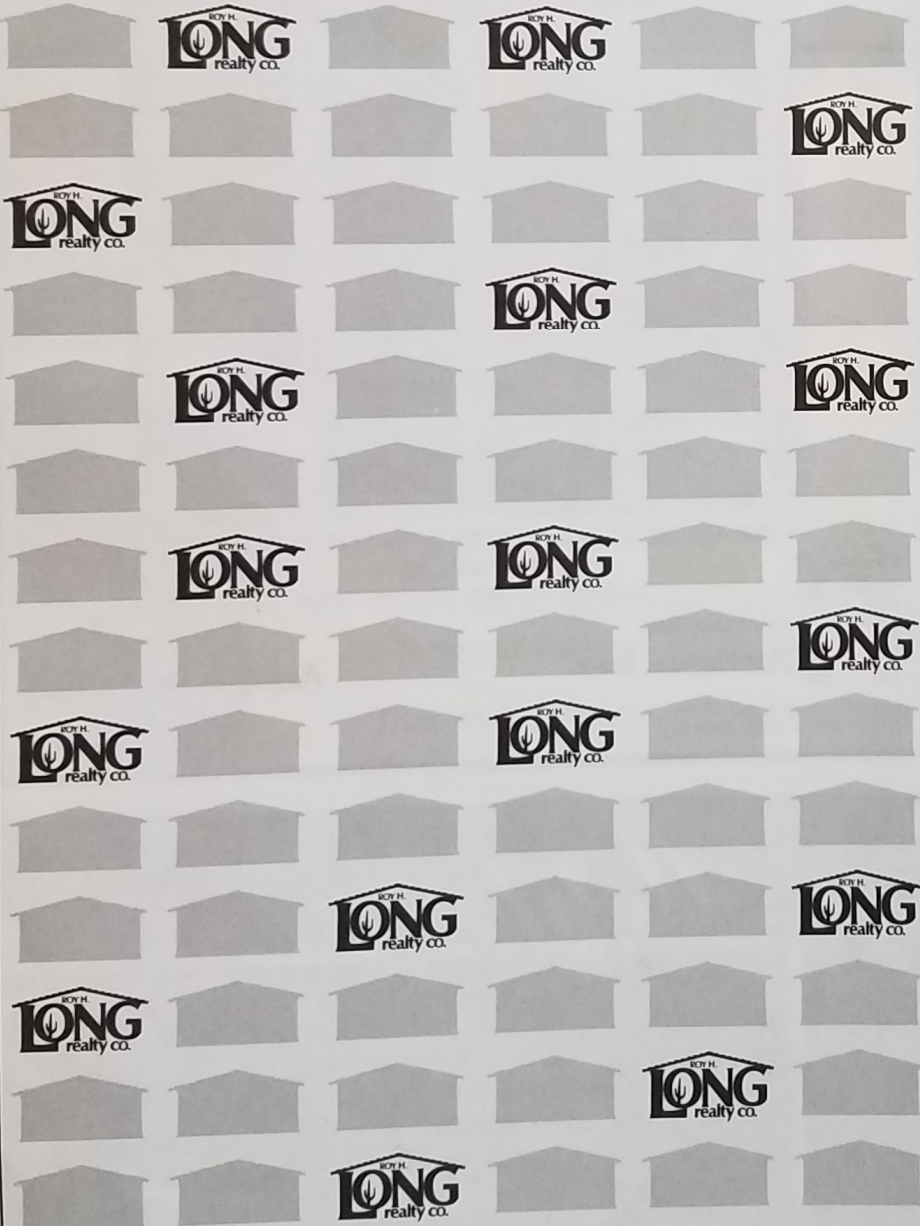
The whole emphasis in a grocery store is speed, speed, speed. Hurry up! But my biggest thing is PR, because that's all there is. If you can't touch a person, why are they going to come back? So I try to go fast, yeah, but when it comes to saying "hello, how's your family, what's going on," I've gotta be there. A lot of older people—that's the only time they go anyplace, is to the grocery store. We've had a lot of regular people, elderly people, who, the only time they come in is when they're out walking in the morning. You're their only contact, really, with the outside world. It makes you feel a great responsibility, if you think about it.

My customers are really great. They're really what keeps you going. You get an idiot coming through your line, you go, "Oooh God, I can't wait on these fools one more day." And then, all at once, "hi!" here's your favorite little old lady who you haven't seen for a month or something, and zip, you're right back into the swing.

You do have to be fast, and you

have to know your money, because if you keep coming up short or over, they're going to throw you out. It helps a lot to have the automatic registers, of course. All we need now is the ones that talk to you and tell you to "pay attention, stupid." Actually, they have talking registers in a lot of places already. They talk to the customers for you—"Good morning, how are you today?" I'm afraid I'm too gushy myself, I could never handle the competition. I'd say, "Shut up!" The [computerized] scanners are another thing, though. I like them. After looking for price tags, this is really easy. In fact, when you go back to doing the prices manually, you feel like you're just standing there, that things aren't moving. But you really have to listen to the beeps with the scanner, and your customers are very suspicious: "You've done that [run that grocery item over the scanner] three times already." You just have to laugh and say, "Yes, but it just now registered. It's the little man down at the scanner, he was asleep." What I do, I kind of loosely add up in my mind the groceries someone has, so I can see if the register total sounds right to me.

I get union wage; it's very good. And it's hard to get a good job in Tucson. My husband, Mark, is in construction, and he keeps steady [work] because he's a good worker. It's kind of silly to say, but I just kind of look forward to working at Fry's all my life. It's not very much of a goal, I suppose, but I try to keep things realistic. I'm not looking to win the lottery or go live in the foothills. I don't foresee it, you know? I'll just try to keep working, try to keep steady.



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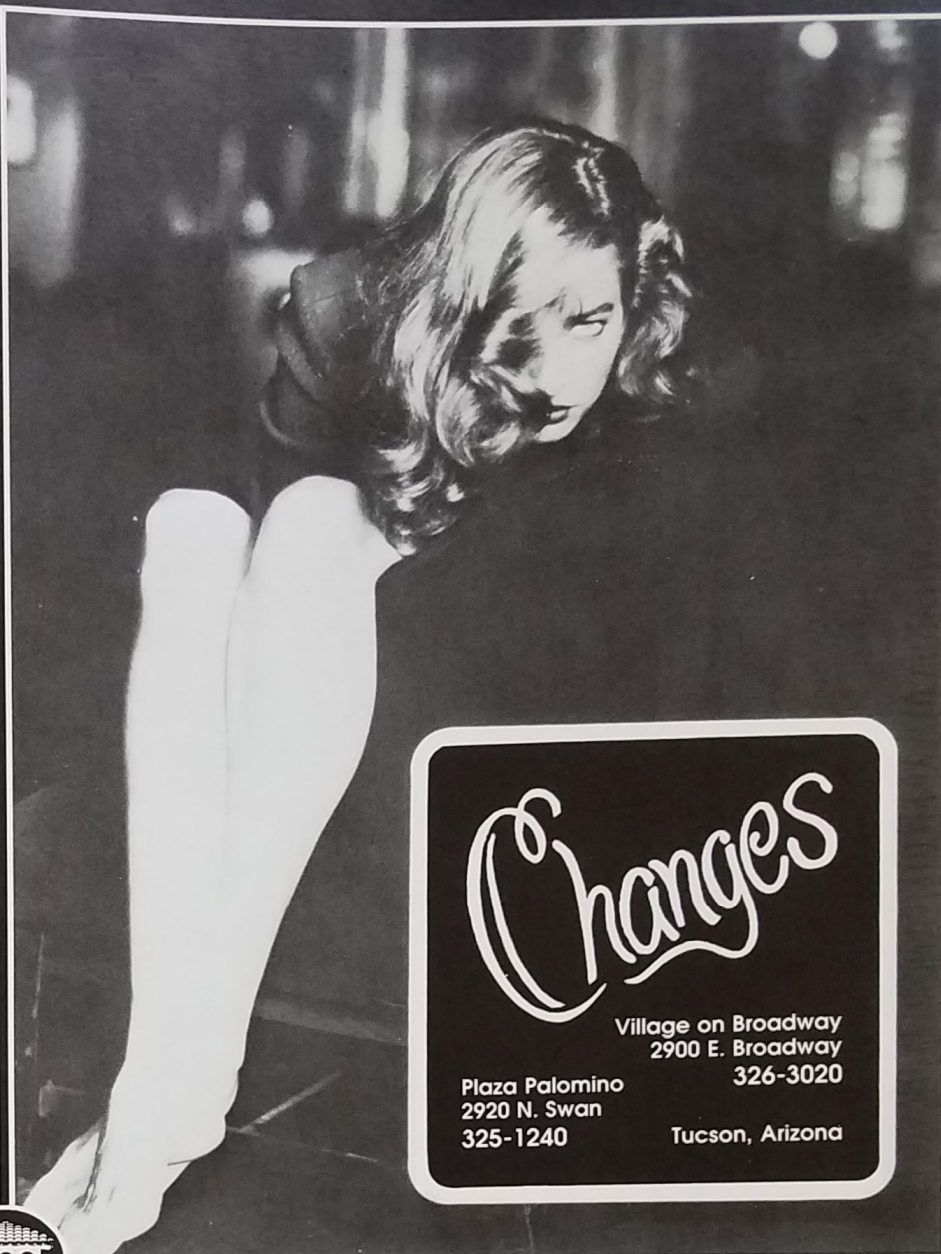
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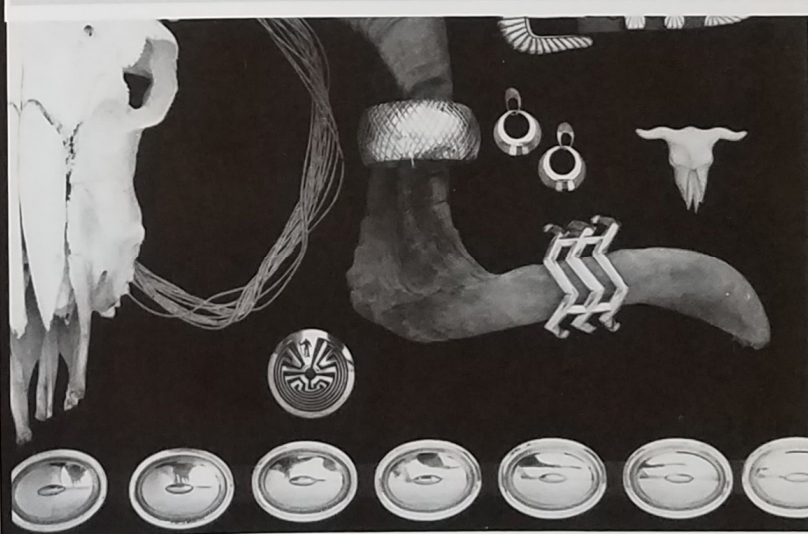


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